

Week ending December 4, 1948

Every Thursday, Threepence

JOHN BULL

EXPLODING THE CRIPPS MYTH

by *CLAUD MORRIS*

"The Jacaranda Tree"—Serial by H. E. BATES



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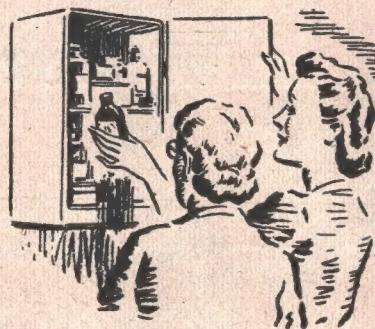


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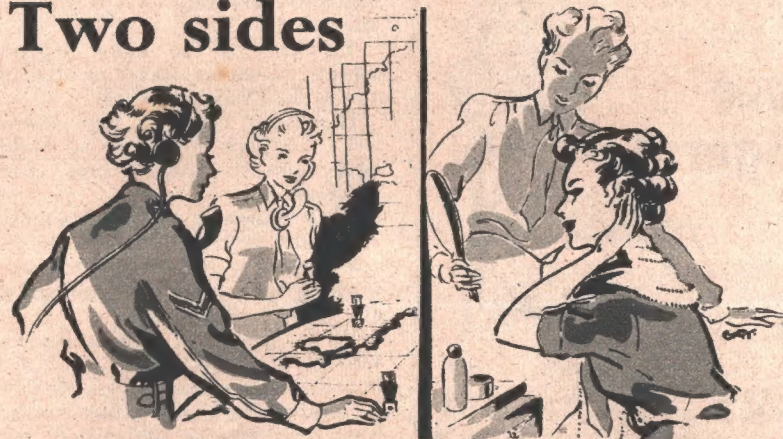
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JOHN BULL

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DECEMBER 4, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2214

Still Undermanned—Why?

RECRUITMENT INTO the mining industry is short by about 20,000 men. On the farms we also fall short of this year's manpower target by about 15,000, with only a few weeks now to go to the year's close.

Why? One answer is that many young men who might like to try farming or mining as a career are afraid that if they do, and then find out by experience that they simply hate the job, they will still be tied to it under the Control of Engagements Order.

This fear of being "trapped" is a real restraint on recruitment.

It is time to ask, in fact, whether the Order has not kept away more potential recruits to our undermanned industries than the number of men it has kept at the job.

Why not a trial period during which new recruits into mining or farming can have a limited option of changing back to their previous occupations, or of taking up something else, if they discover that after all they do not like either pits or fields?

The present system doesn't seem to be working at all well in practice. It's time to examine the reasons for this and seek remedies.

Brrr-ritish Railways

THE CHRISTMAS travel rush will shortly begin. Already there is a bustle on the railways as trains get fuller.

Yet one of the more depressing aspects of winter travel is often cold and fireless waiting-rooms.

Passengers walk up and down on wet, windy platforms, or sit huddled on seats in icy waiting-rooms, at most junctions.

With millions travelling this must all add quite a bit to the incidence of colds and 'flu, even leading to a loss of working time which the country cannot afford.

We suggest that British Railways, who have already made quite a few improvements, should relax their winter ban on fires in waiting-rooms, at least at junctions and places where long waits are inevitable for a large proportion of travellers.

Very little increase in actual fuel consumption would be caused. In many country stations it is possible, with a little enterprise, to use wood.

Let us try to get a bit of cheer into our stations, at Christmas at least. Let's have a bit of warmth!

Don't Forget the Beer!

Do we want State-run pubs, as provided by Chuter Ede's Licensing Bill for the new towns.

The ordinary man's answer, surely, is that he doesn't care who runs the pubs, so long as they are cosy and the beer is good.

Behind the British publican is an ancient and fine tradition of hospitality. We don't want to lose that tradition.

Whether the owner is a local man,

a big brewery firm or the Government, we still want a cheerful pub, run by a good publican and serving the right glass of "wallop."

So pick the right men and build the right inns—not flashy, glittering gin-palaces, but places where a man can feel comfortable—and the experiment should succeed.

But don't forget about improving the beer!

Legal "Means Test"

THE LEGAL AID and Advice Bill does not go far enough. Its aim is to ensure that lack of means shall not be a barrier between a citizen and justice, however costly a case may be to press through the courts.

Splendid—but why bring in a means test? Why set an arbitrary income limit of £420 a year and £500 capital?

Is a man with £430 a year and £510 in the Post Office Savings Bank still to be debarred from pressing a just claim because the cost of litigation is too high for failure to be risked?

No arbitrary money measurements can be fair. A man with £1,000 a year and heavy responsibilities may be much less able to gamble on the outcome of a lawsuit than a man with £400 and few commitments.

This Bill, however well-meaning, cannot be a real reform unless it faces these facts.

Justice remains too costly, because lawyers' fees and other expenses are far too high. It would be bad enough if the loser in a court action merely had to pay his own costs. But he is generally also saddled with the winner's costs as well—and they may be far more than his own!

That is no great hardship to wealthy corporations, but it is financial murder to most private persons.

Astronomical fees expected by leading counsel are out of all proportion to the services they render. The upper ranks of the profession, in fact, are in a gilded and highly respectable racket—but a racket nevertheless.

Until the so-called "glittering prizes" of the Bar have been abolished, there can be no cheap and sure justice for all of the people who have to foot the bills—ordinary citizens in search of that justice which is their right.

"Leader" Left Out

GENERAL FRANCO is bitterly disappointed. He has not been asked to take part in present discussions on a United Europe. He blames public opinion in Britain for the "prejudice" against him. He is certainly quite correct in the assumption that he is no more popular than his late, unlamented Fascist colleagues, Hitler and Mussolini.

The truth is that the people of Britain do not and never will like Franco. During the war, he says, he "stood for nothing," but at the same time we remember him as the man who was willing to fall for anything.

And how can Western Union ever admit to its councils a Franco Spain which denies basic rights to its citizens? The defence of these rights is, after all, the reason for Western Union.

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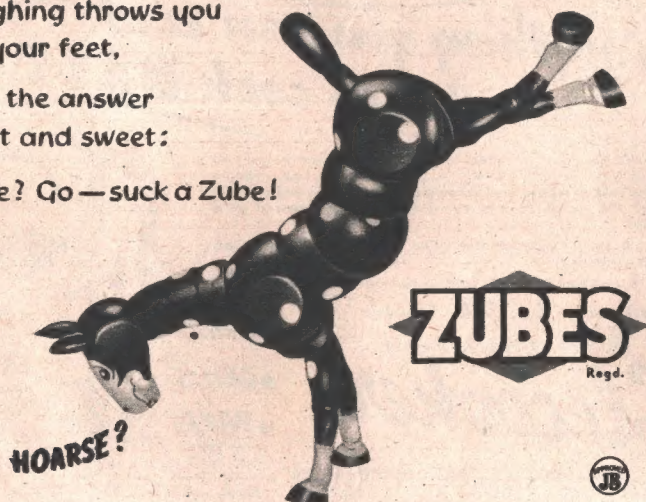
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Many people, who habitually suffered from colds in winter, have found that a course of Serocalcin enables them to go through the difficult months without catching cold. Serocalcin does not succeed in every case, but its record makes it worthy of a trial by everybody subject to colds.

Prevention of Colds.

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: The immunising course of 60 tablets costs 7/6 plus 1/9 Purchase Tax. The treatment pack of 20 tablets costs 3/- plus 9d. Purchase Tax.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories, Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet, "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN
FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS



Treatment of an existing Cold.

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days.

When a cold is firmly established, quick results cannot be expected, but Serocalcin is very effective in shortening the duration of stubborn colds. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

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EXPLODING THE CRIPPS MYTH

by CLAUD MORRIS

To know Cripps is to realize that icy aloofness ill becomes his real character. There is only one man who can finally dispel this myth—Cripps himself

PAUL HOFFMAN IS a man who, with a squiggle of his pen, lends this country millions in Marshall Aid. When someone asked him the other day what he thought was the most important single factor in Britain's recovery, he said simply, "Sir Stafford Cripps."

Cripps, they say in the corners of Whitehall, as well as in the saloon bars of Wigan, is going to be the next Prime Minister. He is fifty-nine—young as politics go. He has in a few years risen from being a political outcast to holding key rank in the Cabinet.

No other man has progressed so far, so quickly. Look at his record.

In 1940 he was walking up and down Whitehall corridors, looking for a war job. Neville Chamberlain, the then Prime Minister, hated him. "The man is a nuisance and a needle in the flesh of all decent politicians," he said to a Minister.

But in 1941 Winston Churchill, with his wartime aptness for talent-spotting, sent Cripps to Moscow as Ambassador. In 1943 Cripps became Minister of Aircraft Production. In 1945 he was made President of the Board of Trade. In 1947 Cripps became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now he has reached the position of economic director (his enemies would say "dictator") of Britain.

Yet Cripps, in spite of this series of rocket-like promotions, is usually more cracked at than cracked up. He is respected, but not generally liked. They say he is a bit cold. A certain look of old-maidishness does, in fact, peer out at you from the cartoons.

How much truth is there in this picture of the man?

If He Thinks He's Right...

He has a fanatical belief in himself and his job—combined with a disregard of people. Cripps is, perhaps, the biggest "I-don't-care-what-you-think" man in the country, and this may be the reason why the human being behind the "austerity" façade is not well known.

When I asked a worker in a factory at Bristol (Bristol East is Cripps's constituency) what he thought of Stafford Cripps, or for that matter knew about him, he ruminated for a moment, then said he believed Cripps "got up" in the small hours of each day.

That was all. But it was enough. Few things are more terrible to the average Englishman than enthusiasm for paper work at four o'clock on a December morning.

What, in fact, makes Cripps tick—this man who is in the line of immediate succession for Prime Minister?

I think first it must be said that Cripps has an asset which all men long for in their hearts. He has a wife who would be pulled through a bramble bush with him. She is the kind who will

walk with a man to the end of his days, faultlessly keeping step, breathing hope into him in the moments when life looks as dry as the Sahara.

It was she who first brought him into politics. She saw that this man, even as a noted lawyer, could not continue fighting great cases for wealthy corporations and remain happy. Cripps wanted causes, not cases. In his heart he hungered all the time for people, not plaintiffs.

They have together a home life which is as warm as Cripps's outside life may appear austere.

The first myth that must be exploded about Cripps is that he is really Mr. Misery, or merely Dr. Win-the-Peace. He unbends in his family circle. He likes music and dancing. The people who think him austere might change their views slightly if they saw him puffing heavily at a pipe at nine o'clock every morning. There is usually nothing fundamentally austere about nine o'clock pipe puffers.

Meeting Was Startled

The other day a couple of strangers were invited along to a private meeting of the Labour Party in Bristol. They knew Cripps only by his public reputation. The meeting had yet to begin. At the far end of the room sat Cripps, on the platform. Suddenly, he unbent his long form, put four fingers to his mouth, and started making a piercing cowboy-and-Indian whistle.

He was trying to attract the attention of his wife who was approaching across the hall. He was completely oblivious of people around him. Can one imagine, say, Stanley Baldwin or Neville Chamberlain, two of his predecessors as Chancellor of the Exchequer (both of whom, incidentally, automatically became P.M.), doing that sort of thing at a meeting with about a hundred people present?

One of his closest friends in his constituency, Bristol East, is the wife of a labourer. She has exchanged visits between the Cripps home in Gloucestershire, and Bristol. She won't admit the lean and bleak view of Sir Stafford. "Not at all," she says. "Stafford takes a large size in hats, but he is not too big for his boots."

Cripps certainly suffers from a rather "narrow" past, which is in part responsible for building up the impression that such a man lives the life of a hedgehog, with prickles instead of roses around his door.

He was born into a family of what I would call plain people of the upper class. They were peculiarly English, like some of the best Protestant and Quaker families. They gave away a lot of money, and took care of a lot of people.

They were the kind of country folk who said grace at meals, had *The Times* delivered in the morning, and gave shillings to small boys who turned up at



Cripps's wife is the type all men long for in their hearts. Early on, she realized that Cripps the lawyer wanted causes, not cases

the back door with a hole in their pants. So far as people who lived outside the high walls of their mansion were concerned, they could do no wrong.

You could often go to them and find sympathy and real kindness if you were in trouble, but all the same you regarded them as being a strange mixture of Isaiah and Mrs. Grundy.

Cripps has suffered from such a tradition all his life. His family were people who could be amazingly kind and generous, yet were taught that reason should ever, if possible, dominate the heart in public affairs.

Nobody can talk to Stafford Cripps today without feeling that public life to him is service, not gain. That is in the aristocratic tradition.

Cycled Across Europe

Despite the rather traditional surroundings of the "County" family, some of his early activities are quite surprisingly interesting.

At twelve he rode a motor-bike. At thirteen he biked across Europe on about three pounds ten. At fourteen he went in to his papa and got a car. At seventeen he built his own glider, started to fly, and, it is said, nearly managed to break his neck.

When he went in for law he lived the sort of life that might be expected of any other young man in Chambers.

Austere? Was he a rather humourless

and dreary dog? He had a habit of sending out his assistant to place bets for him on races. He had no particularly austere outlook on girls, either, and danced around with a lot of them. The girls he liked best were always the ones who would indulge in his own personal passion for going to ballet.

Cripps had an enthusiasm for chemistry. His greatest love was—and is—carpentry and woodwork. Even today on a rare Sunday afternoon you will find him down at his country home with his sleeves rolled up, working with saw and chisel.

At one by-election being fought by his father, Cripps, now in his twenties, was licking stamps when in came a young woman who asked if she, too, could help. It appeared later that Cripps did not have his eye so much on the stamps as on the young woman.

He married her. They took a small furnished bed-sitting-room in London and he made Law his career. It was nine years before they had a home of their own.

There was a streak of impish humour about Cripps.

But not in court. There, as one of the nation's really crack civil lawyers, he always fought his case with grim determination, a model of correctness.

He once told a friend: "In those days I mostly fought for the rich, but I made

"Cripps could change. He has yet to learn that millions who can be moved by an appeal to the heart are left cold by an appeal to mere reason"

them pay." He was formidable. When the word got round among rival firms "So-and-so has got Cripps," some used to give up the struggle and settle out of court.

Opponents looking at that eagle eye began to build up the impression of tough austerity which was going to stick like glue for years to come.

Yet it was a popular, if childish, game of his to come up behind some prominent legal personage and gently tip his hat over his eyes.

It is said that once in the Law Courts, a prominent and pompous colleague was ignoring everybody and reading the *Financial Times*. Cripps bent down between those unsuspecting fat legs. With a match, he set light to the bottom of the newspaper.

His adventures were certainly never the adventures of a stiff young man of affairs. He went to Germany on holiday about the time of the Crippen murder case. A facetious friend sent him a letter, addressed "Dr. Stafford Crippen." The letter was seized by the police, who had a European-wide net out for the murderer.

They arrested the young tourist, and it took him quite a few hours to explain the joke in halting German.

Letter from Lansbury

What was his real intention in life, in those days? He admits it himself. He wanted to wind up as Lord Chancellor.

One morning after he was knighted in 1930 fate blew a whistle. He opened a letter from George Lansbury, who was a political king-maker in those days, asking him to take up an active political life—the Labour Government wanted him as Solicitor-General. His wife pressed him on. He was in.

But it wasn't quite so easy. From the first Cripps had more to do with the Left Wing of the Labour Party than was good for his health. He had the intellectual keenness of a Socialist convert. He advocated a popular front, which the *Morning Post* of those days described as "Led by Sir Stafford Cripps, known abroad as Sir Scrapps, among his friends as Scrappy, and among the workers as Sir Cripes."

This halcyon epoch ended in 1939 when the party leaders could stand it no longer. They called their "rebel" before them for circulating a memorandum on his call for a popular front. He was asked to withdraw this memorandum from circulation (not a difficult thing to do).

"Or what—?" he asked bluntly.

"Or you will face expulsion," said the party leaders.

He Walked Out

Many other men who had played with the fire of the popular front had quickly recanted in the face of the challenge, rather than face the collapse of their careers.

Cripps was suddenly, and alone, on the carpet.

His conscience, or his career? Cripps shook his head. He walked outside Transport House and stood there waiting in the snow. He knew he was off the Parliamentary Executive, and he knew he could no longer receive the party whip.

He knew that at the next election he would probably be fought, by his own people, in his own constituency.

But there you had the key to the man—his "I-don't-care" sincerity. He was "finished," said the newspapers, most of whom in their reports didn't bother to

put any flowers on his political grave. Some readers said "What a pity." Others just grunted and turned the page.

However, great events were already casting long shadows which quickly became substance. The Hitler war, long rumbling in frustration, at length blew off the kettle lid and broke out.

In that first war year, before he took a Government post, Cripps had little money. He and his wife for years had followed a custom of budgeting for what they needed each year, no more, and giving the balance to charity.

Went Second Class

So when he decided he was unwanted at home he went off to India, and travelled to China and Russia as well. But he travelled second class. In India at night he would lie curled up in a blanket in a rolling train. Anybody who saw him in that position came to the obvious conclusion that here again was "Old Austerity."

In India he saw Nehru, the man few Englishmen were on speaking terms with—then.

In Moscow Cripps faced Molotov and punched his words home as though he were fighting an advocate across the floor of No. 1 Court. He told Molotov in no uncertain terms that ordinary people were shocked by the Soviet attack on Finland. Molotov, like most Russians, tough on the outside but perhaps inwardly uncertain, registered Cripps's strength.

A few months later, when Cripps came back to London, Churchill shrewdly sent him to Stalin as Ambassador in Moscow.

In 1945, after the General Election, Cripps emerged as President of the Board of Trade, showing his usual determined qualities. The stones were turning over, but quickly now.

I remember one particular luncheon of the motor trade, which was to show the Crippsian determination in fine fettle, and contribute not a little to the Crippsian myth. Present on this occasion were the

great motor chiefs, Lord Nuffield, that puckish little man with the drooping cigarette, Sir John Black, the brain of Standard Motors, and Sir William Rootes, the powerful head of the Rootes combine.

And in the centre of the enemy, as it were, stood the angular figure of Cripps, scanning the distinguished gentlemen through quarter-moon rimless spectacles, which followed the arch of his eyebrows.

Cripps told them he wanted their cars for export, he wanted them to standardize models, and co-operate on production.

It was soon clear that these sentiments were not popular.

"Nonsense!" said Lord Nuffield. Black was looking around the room for support, and set his glass down heavily. "Tripe," he said. "Tripe, tripe." Mr. Lord of Austins was beginning to unroll his napkin, more, I think, in despair than in anger.

"I am right," said Cripps, "and I think you should listen to me."

Today the men who hooted at Cripps have followed his guidance, built more big factories abroad, exported more cars, approved of standardization, pooled previous secrets and co-operated in a dozen ways.

Doesn't Play to Gallery

The prophet with his briefcase has risen up and up by his victories over the wills of other men.

His talents are obviously those of one of the ablest administrators in Europe. No man in politics can so quickly digest a giant brief, or get to the essential crux of any matter.

He is clever in a way that many politicians are not. With him you never find the sly political aside, the desire to "score." And there is not, inside Cripps, the slightest desire to justify himself to the crowd, or to hoot on platforms at his political opponents.

All of this contributes to the austerity myth.

In Scarborough, early this year, at the

Labour Party conference I watched him for a couple of hours while his economic programme was most fiercely under attack. I looked at him expectantly, waiting for him to seize the microphone to defend himself. But he sat there, crossing and recrossing his legs, no flicker of emotion on his face, while the delegates below were assailing him like hundreds of snapping turtles.

"I am right," he said to a friend. "They will come to the correct conclusion from the facts available."

Plain party loyalty, which should, traditionally, be a politician's first virtue (and many politicians get along with no other), is not necessarily first with him. He is interested, frankly, in the philosophy of what is right, not who is right. For lack of a better way of putting it, I should say that Cripps was actually taller inside than out.

His One Weakness

Today, Cripps, with fantastic energy, is engaged in his daily business of bailing out the water from the postwar British boat—and according to such accounts as those made by visitors like Paul Hoffman, the British people are doing a remarkable job.

The one weakness of the man of faith, when considering his possible future, is that he needs fire. The fire is there, of course. He is a good deal more human, as I have shown, than most people ever suppose. But in public the fire smoulders, instead of blazing.

Recently, in Bristol, he gave a little talk to a crowd on a rainy day. Before he spoke he looked rather like Gandhi, about to do the celebrated rope trick. And when he got on his feet to fire his great guns, the shells only seemed loaded for a practice charge.

Cripps has, in fact, yet to learn that millions who can be moved by an appeal to the heart are left cold by an appeal to mere reason.

Cripps could be greater; he could even change. And if I had to suggest a way in which he could help the nation to greatness, I would remind him of the hidden humanity in his own life. A politician, or a prophet, cannot finally stand as an individual. He must merge into the whole corpus of the people; then only, by losing his self, shall he save it.

That is obviously the challenge to Cripps. Britain needs a "lift," and he is at least one of the men, if not the man, who could help to give it.

Minister of Inspiration?

The one danger with our administrative politicians is that they keep on cranking a rather dead engine, without realizing what Roosevelt, for instance, always realized—you must make the engine spark.

The Stafford Cripps I have described has become nationally and internationally known as Britain's Minister of Perspiration. That's fine. But the challenge of his own future is for him to lay on one side part of his official coldness, and become our Minister of Inspiration.

Already, once or twice recently, he has shown himself looking more encouragingly on the bright side.

I know that he is fully capable of changing his "line."

Today, his friends say he can be Prime Minister soon after the next General Election—or sooner. In any event, he is the key figure of our country for at least the next twelve months.

Today he is leading us away from the Land of Promissory Notes. And if Stafford Cripps could shake off the personal austerity myth completely, then I believe he could be relied on to lead us to the Promised Land.



Sir Stafford with questioners in the radio programme, *How Are We Doing?* Smiling, chatty, informal, he's on the right track here

America's nurses get better pay, less dull, dirty work, and more personal freedom. Britain should take the tip

AMONG MANY OTHER things which we taught the world, one of the noblest was the modern approach to nursing and the status of nurses. Yet nursing is today one of the most distressing examples of the way in which our pupils have outstripped us, so that we, the pioneers, are far behind those who once followed.

We are behind the U.S.A., not in the standards we require of our nurses, nor in the sense of duty of the nurses themselves, but in the rewards we offer them, the social status which we enable them to maintain.

When Florence Nightingale was granted £50,000 by a grateful nation after revolutionizing the whole theory and practice of nursing in the fever-ridden hospitals of Scutari, she used the money to establish a school of nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital in Lambeth.

Louisa Lee Schuyler, in America, personally sought Miss Nightingale's advice before founding the nursing school at New York's Bellevue Hospital, which still remains the leading school of its kind in the United States. It was to Britain that America looked for guidance.

Yet today a student nurse in this country gets £70 a year, while an American hospital nurse begins at £437 10s., in addition to board and lodging. A nurse in a public health department gets £362 10s. Private nurses, who are not obliged to work all the year round, get £328. A hospital matron in a big city earns a minimum of £625.

There is a shortage of trained nurses in America, and a constant drain from the profession of women leaving to get married or because they realize they have no vocation for healing—or because somebody realizes it for them. But the loss is nothing like as serious as it is in Britain where, in the London district, one in every five girls does not carry on with nursing once the training period is over.

They're Career Girls

As in England, the nurses have to study for three years before qualifying as State Registered Nurses. It is significant that they are mainly drawn from the professional and small trading classes of the big cities. They are typical "career girls," recognizing that, in the States, nursing is undoubtedly a worthwhile career.

The prospective nurse enters the school at eighteen after an oral test before an examining board. The girl, just out of the bobby-sox stage, is expected to have a grounding in psychology, physiology, biology, sociology, chemistry and physics. Entering hospital, she is spared many of the disagreeable chores on which trainees waste so much valuable time in our own hospitals. There is very little floor and dish washing. But there is a terrifying number of lectures.

Throughout the period of training, the national passion for psychology and psychiatry is given full rein. The expert psychiatrist is always hovering in the background.

Unknown to herself, the trainee is docketed almost every day in the psychological register. Does she resent authority? Is she antagonistic to her superiors or classmates? Is she late for appointments? Is she co-operative, adaptable, more attentive to the medical



Patient in American hospital is placed in iron lung. All nurses wear same white uniform with white nylons

Where a nurse is quite somebody

by NORMAN HILLSON

students than to her studies? And so on.

The observations are summed up like entries in a profit and loss account. Her psychological markings weigh more than her medical or nursing knowledge or her understanding of invalid dietetics.

When she has qualified, she may live in or out of hospital, as she chooses. After duty she is free to go wherever she likes. In New York, many nurses live at home with their parents and go to hospital for their turn of duty just like stenographers going to the office.

Entertain Boy Friends

If a nurse chooses to live in she will usually find herself in a building so large that it is virtually a small self-contained town. She has her own room which she can furnish herself if she likes. She can eat in the cafeteria or in the communal restaurant. There are recreation rooms where she can entertain her friends of both sexes.

The American nurse has no walking-out dress. Inside the hospital all nurses wear exactly the same clothes: white linen dresses and caps, white shoes and white nylon stockings. It is considered bad form for a nurse to appear in the street wearing hospital dress, and it is in fact forbidden in the interests of hygiene.

She can afford to dress well. She patronizes the less expensive restaurants. She can buy stalls at the theatre. She has enough money to "go out on the town" at least once a week.

If she does not want to work in a hospital, she may go in for industrial nursing or working on public health schemes.

No important American factory or plant is without its hospital, matron and staff of trained nurses. The big New York hotels have their own panel of nurses on call.

Nurses employed in public health projects are especially active in the fight against cancer which, after heart disease, is the biggest "killer" in the States. Ten per cent of all male, and fifteen per cent of all female deaths are due to cancer.

There are 185 cancer clinics spread over thirty-three states. In the broad spaces of Oklahoma and Kentucky the State cancer clinics are mobile, miniature hospitals on wheels with a nurse attached to each vehicle.

These girls, many of them university graduates, are specially chosen. They are not the type who confuse medicine bottles and misunderstand instructions as so often happens in the big city hospitals. They are genuine medical students.

Money in Freelancing

Private nursing is a major medical industry in the United States, and many women go through hospital training with the aim of becoming freelancers. They can ask their own price, according to their experience and the incomes of their patients. It can be a very lucrative profession in a country where imaginary illnesses are high among the hobbies of the rich.

Most millionaires have a private nurse in their establishments. When Andrew Carnegie, the steel king, retired to his great mansion overlooking Central Park,

he had a trained nurse whose chief duty was to see that he did not drink more Scotch than was good for him. Bernard Baruch has a nurse who keeps a close eye on his cigar consumption.

Such nurses have no real counterpart in Britain. It would be unfair to draw comparisons between them and our own nursing service. But between our own average nurse and her American equivalent the comparison is startling enough.

The American nurse has a good wage and a real sense of security. She has a superior social status and infinitely more personal freedom. The fact that she is by no means more competent than the British nurse makes the inequality even more glaring.

One drawback is that the prospective nurse is not asked, as in Britain, whether she has a genuine liking for other people, a desire to understand them, a determination to help those in difficulties.

The result is often tragic. The American nurse becomes a creature of routine. She has not the self-reliance of her British sister. She will not take risks on her own initiative. No matter how urgent the situation which arises, if it goes outside her school training she waits until a doctor comes.

She Was Too Bold

Nor is she encouraged to show any interest outside her specific duties. In Massachusetts, a child of eight was brought into hospital suffering from abdominal pains. The nurse took one look at the squealing child and said: "Another little diabetic."

The surgeon told her to mind her business: it was plainly a case of appendicitis. He performed the operation and found nothing wrong with the appendix. The trouble was diabetes, as the overbold sister had said.

The fact remains that, in America, nursing is recognized as a profession of the first importance. Here we have been too long content to expect the nurse to do her job for a small wage and in poor conditions because of her love for humanity.

America, which first copied our methods, can still teach us little in standards of efficiency and devotion to duty; but there is much we can learn from the States in the treatment of nurses and the recognition of their honourable calling.

THE GOLD SHOES

A princess would have been proud of them. Nothing like them had been seen in the world for fifty years • **by Lionel Davidson**



"Shoes?" said Aram. "They weren't shoes. They were sonnets, rhapsodies"

ILLUSTRATED BY MERVILLE

A FEW DAYS AGO I gave away a pair of shoes. They were unique and beautiful shoes, made for a girl of seventeen to wear at her first ball. They were gold dancing slippers, cunningly criss-crossed, and light as a feather.

I gave them to a girl in New York. Some weeks before, this girl had shot her husband and killed him. It was a harrowing and sordid tale, and the jury, finding there was justification, acquitted her. So I gave her the shoes, and for days afterwards, whenever I went to my trunk, I experienced a sense of loss.

I had carried the shoes about with me for years. They had never been worn. Many times I thought of giving them away, but when it came to the point I had hung on to them. They were a touching reminder of my first love, and also of something more; of a remarkable man and a strange and terrible story.

The shoes were made by Aram Kuliuryan in a village in Gloucestershire in 1930. Aram had started life in a village in Armenia in 1870. In between he had seen a good deal of the world. And now, in 1930, he came to our village and bought the cobbler shop off old Rumble.

He had made a good deal of money in his time, and lost it all. He had also lost his wife in an influenza epidemic and his son and daughter-in-law in a car smash. All he had in the world was his orphaned granddaughter, a little girl of nine called Mary, the cobbler shop and his philosophy.

Aram's father had been a cobbler in the village in Armenia, and this was the way Aram wanted to finish his own life;

it was in no sense a defeat: like Job, Aram bore his losses with fortitude. He had great faith in life and an invincible philosophy of optimism.

With his zest for an abstract argument, Aram was as out of place in that village as a Hottentot at the North Pole. The locals had little use for him, and when they were not downright rude, treated him as an eccentric to be humoured.

The village kids, quick to copy their elders, made fun of little Mary, and Aram saw to it that she strayed no farther than the front of the shop.

Often, during the hot afternoons of that summer, when I rode listlessly through the village on my bicycle I would see her playing hopscotch, throwing a lonely, angular shadow as she skipped on one foot, chanting to herself.

BUT at that time I had little pity to spare for anyone else. I was seventeen, junior reporter on a country weekly and getting nowhere fast. Every night I used to dream of special assignments, of catching the night plane to Berlin, Rome, Budapest, of lounging in some foreign hotel room putting the finishing touches to a dispatch which would shake the world; and every day I would pedal through the village to the police station, the hospital and Jackson's General Store in search of paragraphs.

Aram was an oasis of spiritual refreshment for me. He was a small, plump man with a big belly, an unbuttoned waistcoat, liquid-brown eyes and coarse, black hair. Looking back now, he seems a lonely, pathetic figure. But at that time I saw nothing pathetic or lonely about him. He was a rich and fascinat-

ing character, a man who had dabbled with the magic of the world, who had caught ships, taken the night plane, crossed frontiers, had visas stamped.

Also, he made very good coffee. I would drag my bicycle into the shop so that the editor, who sometimes drove through in his battered car, should not see it, and sit on the hard wooden bench opposite the high counter, sipping the strong black coffee, listening. Mary used to listen, too. She had the same sad, brown eyes as her grandfather, and she would stand on one leg, holding the ankle of the other, gazing at me, open-mouthed.

The shop was redolent with the sharp, peculiarly pleasant smell of leather, and cool and dark after the blinding heat of the gritty village street. Aram used to chuckle tolerantly at my naked ambition.

"Don't be in such a hurry," he told me. "You'll do all the things you want to do. Then you'll wonder why you wanted to do them."

I listened politely.

"You don't believe me?" He took a handful of nails, popped them in his mouth and began hammering, expertly spitting out the nails one at a time. "Of course you don't believe. You've got to find out for yourself. It takes a lifetime to learn. That's what a lifetime's for. You know something?"

He stopped hammering, shifted the nails in his mouth.

"Clever people, people with brains, make the same mistakes any tramp makes. Everyone's got to make his own mistakes. You don't learn anything from other people's. It's good that way. It keeps life interesting."

Sometimes, in the afternoons, Helen

came into the shop. She was a nurse at the hospital, the same age as myself, and I was madly in love with her. When I wasn't thinking of the night plane and the dispatches which would shake the world I thought of Helen.

Being in love with Helen consisted of taking a walk with her between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. The evening meal at my digs wasn't over until eight, and Helen had to be back by nine.

Sometimes in the afternoons she would slip out for an hour or two, and then she came to the shop. We would either sit on the bench in the shop and talk to Aram, or sit in the back room and hold hands. It was very romantic.

About this time the hospital was thrown into a ferment by an impending ball. Helen began to whip herself into a state of high excitement. The big problem of her life just then was what she would wear for the ball. But at last this was decided for her by her special friend at the hospital, a girl of surprising ugliness called Mavis.

Mavis's disappointing experience of dances had made her resolve not to go to any more, and she promised to lend Helen her gown.

That left only the shoes. I told Aram, and he thought about it.

"You want Helen should have the most beautiful shoes in the world?" he asked after a while. "You want her to have shoes a princess would be proud of?"

"Naturally."

"All right. Get me one shoe of hers which is a good fit and I will make her a pair of dancing shoes so beautiful she will tremble to wear them."

That was easy. I got one secretly from Mavis, and a few days later Aram ran his small, stubby hands over it.

"The shoes I will make," he told me, "have never been made for fifty years. Fifty years ago a light went out in the world."

He looked at Mary, who stood silently gazing at me.

"Your great grandfather," he told her, "that saintly man of blessed memory, he was the only man in the world that made such shoes. Shoes? They weren't to be mentioned in the same breath as shoes. They were sonnets, rhapsodies."

He shook his head, cleared his throat, blew his nose roughly.

"Ah, well, perhaps another time. Now I must make a design. Perhaps," he said, and stopped to laugh, "perhaps I have forgotten how. Perhaps also I should forget to breathe."

NEXT day I had to go to the county town to help the chief reporter at the assizes, and it was several days before I saw Aram again.

He showed me a design on paper. I couldn't understand how all the delicate tracery could add up to a pair of shoes, but I told him it looked fine.

He laughed with amused pity and patted my shoulder.

"You think this is something? To me it is a piece of ugly clumsiness. Remember, these eyes have seen the shoes my father made. Not with patterns, not with hours of drawing like I have done. He would take a piece of fine, soft leather, my father, and look at it, his

head a little this way, then that. Then, maybe he would light a cigar—and start cutting. Patterns?" He laughed till the tears stood in his eyes, but they were not tears of amusement.

"Ah, my father!" said Aram. "Why were you not content to make beautiful shoes?"

He blew his nose hard, poured out a cup of coffee, lit a cigarette, blew out the smoke and waved one small, expressive hand at me.

"The very best soft leather, he would use, soft as a baby's skin. Each pair of shoes was individual, and each had a little piece of his soul. How can you make a plan of the soul?"

"Ah, dear God!" said Aram. He took out a large handkerchief and dabbed his eyes. "Run and play, little one," he said to Mary. "It is an old story that you know."

The girl stood silent, unmoving.

"My little one!" said Aram, with great affection. He hugged her.

"She never tires of the story, this one," he told me. "How many times has she heard it? And still she never tires of it. This way she will grow up with the experience. Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "it is possible that perhaps one can learn if one is told often enough. That violence is used by brutes and brings man down to the level of the brutes. That one should do what one has to do and enjoy life without being a martyr."

HE stubbed out his cigarette, brushed a crumb of tobacco off his thick lips and nodded slowly.

"First," he said, after a pause, "first you must understand that my father was a man of great wisdom who held an honoured position in the village. Not only because he was such a good craftsman. This was only a small part. People would come to him with their problems and he would advise them."

"He was a quiet man, but one word of his was worth ten of anybody else's. Do not understand by that that he was a silent, taciturn man. He was the gayest character, cheerful, smiling."

"In those days we were all poor. As you know, the Turks were our masters, and every family had to pay taxes to them. They were hated and feared, and it was not often that there was anything to be happy about. The one occasion when everybody could celebrate was at a wedding. And then you should have seen my father!"

"Happy as a child, charming, gay. He sang, he danced, he played the flute. And afterwards, at the toasting, he would always be the one to make the real speech of the evening. He would make them laugh and cry. He would play a little tune on their hearts. Ah, the golden tongue of my father! Such men aren't left in the world any more."

Aram paused. Mary was listening, open-mouthed, her large brown eyes staring. He pinched her cheek.

"Well, then," Aram continued, "so it was in our village. We were all poor, but we lived. After all, the village was remote and nobody bothered us much. So long as the taxes were paid we were left alone. And then came the black days."

Aram was silent for a long time, sighing heavily, stroking Mary's hair.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It is going back," said Aram. "It is going back many years before my father's time. Perhaps you will never have heard of the nihilists? Ah, these 'ists,' these 'isms.' These ideas that cost flesh and blood!"

"Well, nihilism was a word of terror. The nihilists were revolutionaries, and to be nihilist was to be hunted. Always the Turks were expecting plots against

Continued on next page



Taxi-driver, Harry Lewis, keeps his map of London in his head

What the meter doesn't show

by RICHARD COLLIER

Taxi meters can only talk in figures. They record nothing about queer customers in the back of the cab

THERE WAS A TIME when Harry Lewis used to wake up at night in a sweat because he could not remember the shortest route from Grocers' Hall to Kilburn Empire. That was sixteen years ago, when he was trying to get his taxi-driver's licence. Now he drives with the map of London and the 450 routes of the Metropolitan Police's "List of Questions" unrolling like a film-strip inside his head.

These are good days for London taxi-drivers. There are fewer cabs on the road to offer competition, more people who are willing to take a taxi instead of queue for a bus. But there are some 10,000 drivers and only just over 6,000 cabs. Garage cabs are shared between two or more men, working in shifts.

Occupational hazards have been increased lately by a wave of armed hold-ups, against which the night driver has little protection. A pal of Harry's recently had his cab boarded in Shaftesbury Avenue by a gang of toughs who wanted to go to Old Ford.

It was apparent that they did not like his face. All the time he drove he could hear them talking of how they were going to "do" him when they reached the other end. Suddenly he had a brainwave. He simply switched off his lights and in a few minutes a police car forced him to the kerb. A cabman doesn't have to do anything very startling to attract police attention.

He blurted out his story and the police

took charge of his passengers, two of them deserters and three of them wanted for robbery with violence.

Harry's own experiences have been on the whole less lurid. There was the night when a passenger confided that he was afraid to face his wife. He had not been home for three days.

"You knock at the door and tell her I'm sorry," he said. "I'll stay in the cab."

Worked Wonderfully

Harry was not too keen, but there was the promise of a good tip, so he knocked at the door. The wife gave him no chance to make excuses on behalf of his passenger. "Bring him in," she said.

Harry took his passenger in. The door closed. There was the sound of a female voice enlarging loudly on conjugal responsibilities. Presently the man appeared on tip-toe and handed Harry a ten-shilling note. "You've done your stuff wonderfully," he said. "She says she'll let me sleep in the hen-house."

Harry got another queer request from a fare who insisted on him stopping his cab in the middle of Manchester Square so that he could experiment on him with a newly invented hair tonic.

Less amusing and more sinister was the occasion when an attractive blonde told Harry to meet her every night in his taxi outside a famous London hotel. She would, she said, be accompanied by an American officer. Half-way through the ride she would ask: "Driver, where can we get some sandwiches?" Harry was

to answer: "The American Red Cross."

For this he was to receive £1 a night.

It struck him as being fishy, but he gave it a trial out of curiosity. They drove first to a block of flats; the girl got out and went inside. Five minutes later she returned with a bottle of whisky. Harry dutifully came in on cue, they reached the Red Cross, and the officer went inside.

"Drive on," said the girl. "He's annoying me." When they were a few streets away she explained her racket. The precious whisky, which she still retained, had cost the officer £3. "I pull the same one every night," she said. "I change my hair-do, my clothes, my make-up. They'll never catch me."

"I don't want any part of it," said Harry. Some days later he saw her face again—this time on the front page.

Earning Green Badge

For abetting the offence, Harry might have got off with only a fine in court, but his motor cab-driver's licence would have been revoked for good and all. Without the green badge his ordinary driving licence is useless. And the green badge takes a long time to earn.

The first step, after having proved a clean record, is to commit the streets of London to memory. Harry, with a map and a bicycle, got by heart the 450 routes laid down by the Public Carriage Office of the Metropolitan Police in six months. Average time is over nine months.

After that came the driving test in the P.C.O. yard. Reversing along a white line, reversing between posts and finishing with the wheels straight, driving through an alley eighteen feet wide and turning the cab in three movements without touching the kerb—these are some of the features of the test.

The successful applicant receives his motor cab-driver's licence, renewable annually for 1s., and may ply for hire. But few taxi-drivers think it worth while to go into business with their own cabs. The costs are too great.

So Harry took a job with a firm which owns over one hundred taxis, has over two hundred drivers on its books. He turns up at the garage on an average of four days a week and normally works from midday to 8.30 p.m. on the four best days: Saturday to Tuesday.

The majority of drivers prefer working between 7 a.m. and teatime, handing over to a mate who will carry on until midnight or two in the morning. But Harry reckons the best hours of business fall between five and seven in the evening.

Once he is at the wheel he gets little time to relax. Mealtimes are few and hurried and many taxi-drivers, after ten years on the job, suffer from either stomach trouble or rheumatism.

Harry splits the fares he takes with the firm: one third for Harry and two thirds for the firm. An average day's takings is £3. The best tip Harry has had to date was from two American officers: 16s. on the meter, £5 10s. in tips.

Smart Districts, Bad Tips

Certain districts of London are well known among cabbies for their good or bad tips. Worst tipping districts are Kensington, Belgravia and St. James's. By far the best are Stamford Hill, Hampstead and Whitechapel.

Harry has no ambitions to buy his own cab; is content to carry on driving for somebody else as long as present conditions continue. But seasoned taxi-drivers have spotted a marked increase of learners on bicycles this year, and fear the profession may soon be overcrowded again.

"No more of that for me," says Harry. "There was a time when I'd wait four and a half hours on the rank for a half-crown fare with twopenny tip at the end of it. But if things get like that again, that's when I'll begin to think about taking up chicken farming."

THE GOLD SHOES

Continued from previous page

the Sultan. One day, there was a massacre in Constantinople. All over the country, the Sultan sent the Kurdish police. "Police!" Aram gave a short, angry laugh. "Robbers. Bandits."

"The day they rode in, their commander called an assembly of all the men in the village. He spoke to us from horseback."

"It has come to the ears of our beloved Sultan, the Shadow of God on Earth, that you droppings of Armenian sheep are plotting against him. It is not necessary," he said, "for me to tell you what will happen to this village if so much as one hand is raised against his divine authority." But he did tell us. He went into it slowly and with relish. And then he got down to business.

"For the trouble we had caused in bringing his force to our contemptible village there would be a fine. When he mentioned the sum a groan went up. If we paid there would be nothing left for the taxes—and if the taxes were not paid the troops would come."

Aram lit a cigarette.

"You paid?" I asked him.

"What were we to do? Of course we paid. The Kurds stayed on. They lived on our food. Their horses ate better than we did. And then the tax collector came!"

Aram was silent. He was silent so long that I asked: "And what happened?"

He looked at me wearily.

"What should happen? What could happen? Can you draw blood from a stone? The tax collector raved, he shouted, he threatened. We pleaded, we reasoned, we cajoled. It was no good."

"Then the cloud descended on our village. We waited for the day the troops would come."

"That day," said Aram. "Shall I ever forget it? Soon after dawn I heard a little rhythmic noise coming up through the valley. I opened the shutters of my room. It was hardly light. All along the street other heads peered out. Then we realized. The noise was the beat of drums. Somewhere a bugle sounded. The drums grew louder, rolling up through the valley. The rhythm of the drums sounded like a death march."

"Up and down the streets the heads were drawn in, the shutters closed. People began to dress. Here and there a child cried as it was snatched up from sleep. But the grown-ups did not speak. There was nothing to say."

"Outside it grew lighter. The sound of the drums grew nearer as the troops came up the hill path from the valley. A soldier rode in on a horse and was taken to the commander of the Kurdish police. Immediately there was pandemonium. The Kurds stumbled about, cursing, saddling their horses."

"We watched through the windows, our hearts in our mouths, wondering what was going to happen and why there was such confusion among the Kurds."

"We soon learned. It was Zekki Pasha. Zekki!" Aram hissed. The way he said it, it sounded like a swear word.

He looked at me, his eyes a little mad.

"The name means nothing to you?"

I shook my head dumbly.

"Ah, why should it? He is dead and burning in hell for many years; may he suffer the tortures of the damned."

He went on quietly:

"Zekki Pasha was military governor of the province, a man close to the Sultan, and so barbaric that his name was spoken in an undertone even by the Turks."

"Perhaps because we were expecting the worst our hearts lightened a little when he came. He was a small, neat

man with a well-trimmed beard. He rode in, preceded by the drummers, dismounted, stretched his legs and chatted with the commander of the Kurdish police, smiling and tapping his leg with a small riding switch he carried."

"Then he went off to breakfast, and the police came round, hammering on all doors, warning us that every man in the village was to assemble immediately in the square."

"We went. We waited. An hour later, Zekki returned, strolling amiably down the village street with the Kurdish commander. He seemed in good spirits."

"They had arranged a canopy for him, with a rich carpet, a table and a chair. He walked idly to the table, seated himself on the edge and swung his foot, chipping the table with his spurs as he looked over us."

"I hear his voice now," said Aram. "He spoke quietly, smiling all the time as though he were enjoying a little joke with himself. 'Children,' said Zekki, 'you are causing a lot of difficulties. The Shadow of God on Earth is very displeased with you. You give trouble to the police and the tax inspectors. You make it necessary to call in the troops. Why will you not behave?'"

"There was a silence. We had almost stopped breathing."

"Come," said Zekki. "Are you all dumb? Who is your spokesman?" And all the time he sat there, swinging his foot, smiling."

"Then," said Aram, "a hand went up. A voice said: 'If your Excellency pleases.' Zekki raised his eyes. It was my father."

Aram fitted a shoe over a last, popped a handful of nails in his mouth. He hammered in a few before turning round again. His eyes were shining."

"Ah, if you could have seen it, the way my father held his head up as he walked to the front to stand before Zekki. If you could have heard his voice, dignified, reasonable, calm."

"Your Excellency," said my father. "We are poor, hard-working people. We live quietly and peacefully in our village, trying to give offence to no one and to abide by the laws."

"He told him how we had always paid our taxes and kept the peace, how we knew nothing of plots and revolutions, how the Kurds had fined us unreasonably and why it was we could not pay our taxes on this occasion."

"It was wonderful. We hung on his words. Even Zekki stopped swinging his foot and bent his head to listen carefully."

"When my father had finished there was silence. Zekki raised his head and



"Let's be just pen friends again!"

looked my father straight in the eyes.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"My father told him."

"And your trade?"

"A shoemaker, Excellency."

"Zekki nodded slowly."

"You have a gifted tongue, shoemaker," he said. He paused, and for a long moment smiled at my father. "It is a tongue that could make much trouble. Your tongue will be torn out, shoemaker."

Aram ripped the shoe off the last and tossed it into a corner. I waited for him to continue, but he was silent.

"Go on," I said. My mouth was dry.

Aram turned and looked at me soberly. His large, dark eyes were expressionless. "That is all," he said. "There is no more. They tore out my father's tongue. Then they hacked off his feet so that he need never again make shoes for himself. It was a sort of joke of Zekki's. And then," Aram added tonelessly, "they brought him home to my mother."

Suddenly, he looked very old. He patted Mary's head.

"The lesson is?" he said to her.

Without looking at him, the child replied, almost as though she were giving a recitation: "That violence is used by brutes and brings man down to the level of the brutes."

Aram nodded. He brought out his large handkerchief and wandered into the back room.

I waited a few minutes, but as he did not return I quietly left.

Coming out of the shop I met Helen. "Shall I see you in the shop tomorrow?" she asked.

I remembered the dance shoes. "No,"

THE HUMAN MACHINE Real Fun

MET, the other day, a remarkably "young" woman of sixty. This is what she said:

"A long experience has taught me that there are only two things that make life worth while: one is work, and the other is the ability and the willingness to understand other people's point of view. The first keeps your mind occupied and alert, and the second enables you to get a tremendous amount of fun out of everything you do and everyone you meet."

How very sensible!

We can get nothing in this world without giving something in return, and the payment for fun is the willingness to expend intelligent effort.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

JOHN BULL December 4 1948

I said, "not in the shop. I'll see you in the evening."

Her pretty little nose went in the air.

"I don't think I can manage it in the evening," she said.

I was too young and too inexperienced to recognize the danger signals.

"Oh, well," I said, "Some other time." And I rode off on my bicycle.

The next evening I waited for Helen outside the hospital. She didn't come. It was the same the next evening, and the one after that. I got worried. When I told Aram about it, he chuckled.

"Shall I write to her?" I asked him. "Why not?" he said. "Girls like to get letters."

I thought about it for a while.

"What shall I say?"

Aram shifted the nails in his mouth and laughed.

"I am only a poor shoemaker," he said, "not Cupid. A boy can always think what to write to a girl. Tell her you cannot sleep. Tell her she is making your life miserable by not seeing you. You will think of something."

But for once he was wrong. I didn't think of a thing. However, the ball was only a few days off and the shoes were nearly ready. I decided to wait until I could give them to her.

It was a fatal error of judgment. A couple of evenings later, walking forlornly up to the hospital, I was just in time to see her walking the opposite way with another boy. She saw me and drew closer to him.

Retracing my steps, lost in bitter reflection, I heard her soft mischievous laugh floating down the lane.

Next day I told Aram all about it.

"It's all over," I said. "I never want to see her again. After all, I've got other things to do. I'll get a job on a paper in town. I'll travel. I'll be famous. Then she'll see."

"A fine spirit," Aram said. "Don't worry. You'll do what you want to do. But believe me, you won't keep the shoes and die a bachelor. You'll give them to a girl," he said mischievously, "who lives not a thousand miles from here."

As it happened, he was right. So, too, partly, was I. I did get a job on a paper in town. I did travel; and the girl most entitled to them did in the end get the shoes.

I saw her after her trial in New York.

At first she didn't recognize me. Eighteen years had left their mark on both of us. But after we had talked for a little while, the village in Gloucestershire in 1930 did not seem so remote. Before I left I asked if she had any plans.

"I don't know," she said. "At first things looked pretty black. Now they're not so black. Maybe I'll go back to England."

I stood up to go. I wished her luck.

"Thanks," she said. "I can use some of that. But life isn't so bad." An expression came into her eyes that brought a nostalgic lump in my throat. "There's plenty to be thankful for."

As I shook hands, I said: "They're familiar words. You haven't forgotten your lesson."

"Too bad I didn't remember the rest of it," she said drily. "That violence is used by brutes..." Her voice trailed off.

I gave her the shoes. "Maybe these will help you to remember," I said. "We've all got to make our own mistakes. He said that, too."

I left her looking at the shoes, by herself and alone in a strange city.

It was the way I had always remembered her, in the days before she had begun making mistakes: by herself and alone, a little girl playing hopscotch outside her grandfather's shop that summer of 1930.

TIME DOESN'T WHITEWASH WAR CRIMES

WHEN IT WAS confirmed that three more Nazi generals, von Rundstedt, von Manstein and Col.-Gen. Adolf Strauss, would stand trial in January as alleged war criminals there were signs of irritation in Britain. "Haven't those wretched trials finished yet?" was the general feeling.

This was not altogether unnatural. The public's memory is short, and much has happened since the spectacular Nuremberg trials held the world's interest.

When the United Nations War Crimes Commission was dissolved on March 31 this year, it had listed 40,000 names of accused persons against whom a *prima facie* case of having committed war crimes had been established.

So far, only about 6,300 of them have been brought to trial in places as far apart as Oslo and Tokyo; and of these, some 5,300 have been convicted and sentenced to death or imprisonment.

The gigantic task of sifting evidence from the millions of statements has been a full-time job for thousands of workers. Necessarily it has been slow work.

Monty's Remark to Cadets

Many people seem to have forgotten, if they ever knew, the legal and moral basis of these trials.

Even so prominent a public figure as Field Marshal Lord Montgomery has stated—whether seriously or as a sardonic joke, only he knows—that military cadets must be careful to make themselves proficient in their profession because (so he implied) the military leaders of a defeated army are liable nowadays to be tried and executed for their failure in the field.

It is important that such a misconception should be cleared up, for the Nuremberg trial and its successors represent an important and completely justified extension of international law.

Let us first see how they came into being. We must go back to 1919 when the Allies handed over certain alleged war criminals to the new Republican German courts for trial. In a number of cases these German courts found the defendants guilty of war crimes.

Unfortunately the sentences which the judges then passed were so ridiculously light that the trials were largely discredited, and it was generally realized that the German courts could not be trusted to deal properly with such offenders.

So, when the Germans unleashed another world war in 1939, it was clear that any war criminals would have to be tried by an external tribunal.

After a conference in Moscow in October, 1943, the law officers of the Allies drew up a code of rules for the projected trials; the charges were clarified, and the procedure was determined.

Two main classes of offenders were envisaged, and these have come to be known as major war criminals and minor war criminals.

The major war criminals consisted chiefly of the leading figures in the Nazi and Japanese régimes, who were charged—at Nuremberg and in Tokyo—with all or some of the following offences:

(1) Conspiring to plan, initiate and wage wars of aggression in defiance of solemn international treaties, agreements and assurances. This was called "*crimes against peace*."

(2) Ordering and carrying out "*war crimes*"—acts in violation of the rules and customs of war—such as the murder

by C. E. BECHHOFFER ROBERTS

The Nazi generals are old, and they've been prisoners for years. Many people today believe we should let them go. But isn't this muddle-headed thinking?



Von Rundstedt after capture. Acting under orders is no defence

and ill-treatment of prisoners of war; the murder, mass deportation and ill-treatment of civilians in occupied territories; the slaughter of hostages; and the wanton destruction of towns and villages without the justification of military necessity.

(3) "*Crimes against humanity*," such as the extermination or enslavement of civilian populations before or during the war on political, racial or so-called religious grounds. The Nazi extermination of the Jews was a typical instance of this.

The minor war criminals were to be indicted chiefly with offences under the second and third of these categories, and were men and women whose alleged crimes could be ascribed to a particular locality.

The Goering Category

Let me make the distinction clear by a simple example. Major war criminals, like Goering, were to be tried for (among other things) ordering the extermination of the Jews in Europe. Certain minor war criminals would be officials of such extermination camps as Auschwitz, who had themselves gassed Jews there.

Anybody who, for one instant, imagines that Goering, for example, was wrongly accused or improperly tried, and convicted for his major war crimes has only to turn to the official transcript of the Nuremberg trial published by the Stationery Office.

There never was so clear a case against any criminal in history. In the words of the tribunal: "He was the leading war

aggressor, both as political and as military leader; he was the director of the slave labour programme and the creator of the oppressive programme against the Jews and other races, at home and abroad. All of these crimes he frankly admitted." There is nothing more that need be said.

Case Against Keitel

Or turn to one of the military commanders condemned at Nuremberg, Field Marshal Keitel.

Let me take just one small item from the list of offences proved against him. In regard to the appalling treatment of Russian prisoners of war, Keitel replied to the objections of another German commander: "The objections arise from the military concept of chivalrous warfare, [but] this is the destruction of an ideology. Therefore I approve and back the measures."

It was shown that he always "approved and backed" the main Nazi crimes against peace, the rules of warfare and humanity. He claimed, it is true, that he was merely obeying superior orders as a good soldier should, but (a) this was not true, as the above extract shows; (b) it is no defence, for a soldier or anybody else, to obey orders which he knows to be criminal; (c) he never resigned or accepted a lower military rank because of any misgivings about carrying out such orders.

Anybody, therefore, who imagines that he and the other commanders were tried and condemned merely because they did their duty as soldiers but were unfor-

tunate enough to be on the losing side, is talking through his brass hat.

I am not entitled to break into your house because my schoolmaster orders me to. I am not entitled to murder a prisoner of war because my sergeant tells me to. If I am given such an order, which I know to be wrong by the laws of every civilized country, it is my duty to disobey it and take the consequences.

Even so militaristic a people as the Germans always used to accept this obvious rule of law. In the *Llandovery Castle* case after the 1914 war the German civil court convicted certain U-boat sailors who had "merely" obeyed their commander's orders to fire on defenceless Britons who had taken to the boats after their ship was torpedoed.

Superior orders may, of course, mitigate a man's guilt. There was a recent war crimes trial at Hamburg in which it was shown that a German private was threatened with instant death by his officer if he did not murder some prisoners of war. Both men were convicted, but the private escaped the death penalty.

Victors Supply the Judges

What is probably the root cause for the largely uninformed complaints against our war crimes trials procedure is the composition of the court. The judges, after all, come from the victorious countries, whereas the prisoners, or most of them, are from the beaten side.

An ideal solution would have been to form the tribunals of neutrals. But where are suitable neutrals to be found after a world war?

This being impossible, the best alternative was what we have done, namely, to ensure that the defendants have a fair trial and that they should be acquitted unless the prosecution succeeds in proving their guilt beyond reasonable doubt.

The major war criminals have been tried by judges whose ability and integrity cannot be questioned.

As for the minor war criminals, these have been tried, so far as British courts are concerned, according to our normal court-martial procedure, and, if there is anybody who realizes the strains and stresses to which soldiers may be subjected in the midst of war, it is the British officers who make up the majority of such tribunals.

I have watched a number of these trials and in every case I have seen the defendant's interests carefully watched over by the court, to make sure that every point in his favour was given full weight and that the prosecution should draw no sort of advantage from any sort of prejudice whatever.

One final point: ought there to be a time limit? Is it right to put the three German generals on trial now, so long after the alleged offences took place?

That there can be no objection on the grounds of jurisdiction is certain. No civilized country's law says that a murderer shall go free simply because some time has elapsed between his offence and his trial. But, on the other hand, there is a growing body of opinion which feels that it may be expedient to let these three elderly men end their lives in such peace as stricken Germany affords them.

One thing, however, we must not forget: some of their subordinates have been hanged for carrying out the very orders which the generals are now charged with having issued.

This is a very cogent argument for trying them too; or else it may be said, with some justice, that the big men go free while the little men hang.



How natives of a potentially rich colony live: cardboard hovels outside Kingston, capital of Jamaica

Seamy Side of Paradise

by MAURICE WEBB, M.P.

Luxury for the few, misery for most: Jamaica is a blot on the Colonial copy-book. Reform there is *our* affair

JAMAICA, IT IS TRUE, is four thousand miles away and what goes on there may seem remote to us in Britain. Of course, the West Indies send us lively cricketers now and again. And, of course, we get sugar and rum and bananas from Jamaica.

The trouble is that the average Briton's interest in the West Indian colony goes little further than that—and such apathy on our part is dangerous.

I have just spent six weeks in Jamaica. I came away anxious and worried about its future—the future of the million and a quarter natives in this 720-mile-long strip of Caribbean territory.

Wherever I went, Jamaicans came to tell me of their loyalty and love for Britain. They desperately want to keep their British citizenship. They fear some bargain may one day remove them from the Commonwealth and place them in the lap of the United States.

Jamaica today is confronted with problems as complex as any in Europe. Her soil is sour and lifeless. It has been ruined by ignorance and overwork. Except in the big sugar plantations the most primitive methods of husbandry are followed. The native scratches his little plot with much the same sort of tools and ideas as his jungle forbears had.

The men's spokesmen are often very conservative. When I suggested bringing in agricultural machinery, I was made to feel I was guilty of near-sabotage, so fierce is the objection to anything which will "put men out of work."

And no two men seem to think alike when it comes to finding answers to Jamaica's problems. Some say: "Let's put all our eggs in the tourist basket and

go after American dollars." So there's now a big push to present the island as a holiday paradise—as, indeed, it is in winter months.

Luxury hotels around Montega Bay will give you a rollicking time with plenty of rich food—for fancy prices. One place asks twelve guineas a day per person. Five guineas a day is quite normal.

Certainly, rich Americans are prepared to pay, and so far the tourist trade has gone well and brought in a big pile of dollars.

But how long will tourists relish visiting a country which is strewn with beggars—the by-product of declining agriculture? And will tourists continue to roll up if things go on getting dearer and dearer? For things *will* go on getting dearer and dearer, so long as the present indiscriminate buying up of property and land by outside financial interests goes on.

In Grip of Inflation

There has been a big rush to Jamaica of people from Britain with surplus funds who do not like our heavy taxation. The result has been a gross inflation of land and property values everywhere. The cheaper side of Montega Bay is selling land at £1,000 an acre. Farms worth, before the war, £500 are selling for £6,000.

And this all means rising prices for the poorer folk.

What is needed is a bold, concerted effort between the colonial authorities in Whitehall and those who govern the island to find the capital for a comprehensive, long-term plan of economic and agricultural development.

We must help Jamaica to find new

light industries as outlets for the overcrowded population of the main centres. Afforestation and fertilizers should be priorities.

If anyone in authority had really shown any sign of understanding of what was needed and had the spirit and brains to tackle the job, I should not have left Jamaica feeling so anxious.

I know there is the fabulous Bustamante. I talked to him. What a spell-binder he is. But what a let-down when it comes to constructive ideas.

While I was in Jamaica we had twelve inches of rain in one day. The roads and gullies were washed away and communications broken all over the island.

I said to Bustamante: "It must be a serious matter for you having to find so much labour and materials to repair your roads after these downpours."

He looked at me as if I had said something blasphemous. "Good heavens, no. I like the roads being washed away. It helps me to find work for my people."

The People's National Party, which challenges Bustamante's power, has a more realistic grip on the island's problems, but suffers from an irresponsible fringe which provokes the fatal charge of "Communist."

Jamaica cannot thrive until new men come to the top with constructive ideas for using the potential wealth of the island for the good of its people. They have to grow things and make things in mounting abundance, if they are to survive and prosper.

For ourselves, I see no alternative but to retain such authority and control as we now possess until the island is really ripe for full self-government.

But while we are there we must end the scandal of the unemployed without pay, the children without clothes, the shack-dwellers without sanitation.

These Jamaicans are happy, lovable folk. Their faces are turned towards us with hope and expectation. We must not fail them.

RADIO

They're there when things are
Chatting for a living may
overworked commentators are

MANY A YOUNG MAN with an easy conversational manner and a yearning for a not-too-strenuous existence has sat in front of his wireless set and wondered why he, too, cannot become a radio commentator. Many a young man has tried to get himself and his voice looked over at Broadcasting House, and found that he could not get in. And the percentage of those who have squeezed in for a trial and made good is depressingly low.

One reason for this, of course, is that the good commentator needs much more than an easy conversational manner, and certainly does not lead an un strenuous life. Which is why we can number our top-notch commentators on the fingers of one hand, and still have the thumb left over.

The Oxford Dictionary defines a commentator—as one who writes a commentary. Portland Place describes him as an "off the cuff" man: a man who can take a microphone outside the studio and describe what he has never seen before at the moment he sees it: a trigger-brained talker; a sort of broadcasting commando.

When Canadian-born S. J. de Lotbinière, whose six-foot-eight stature has towered over the Outside Broadcasting Department since its birth, first formulated a policy for commentators, he did not look for experts or specialists on any subjects. He sought merely for men who had this aptitude to talk "off the cuff" about anything and everything. That is still the aim.

The early settling-down days produced many talkers who were little more than incompetent chatters.

Classic Howler

A classic story is told of an occasion when the King was to appear at an outdoor function. The chit-chat man's commentary went something like this:

"Ah . . . 's a beautiful day . . . yes, marvellous day . . . excited throngs . . . ah, some commotion over there . . . yes, must be the King . . . here he comes, striding briskly . . . right past the microphone . . . my! he looks fit, bronzed . . . ah, no . . . No! . . . Good heavens, it's Lord Derby!"

The period at which this sort of inconsequential nonsense graduated into clever and stimulating commentary can be set around the Coronation ceremonies in 1937. The radio coverage was the most ambitious the B.B.C. had yet attempted. Largely through the voices of Tommy Woodruffe and Howard Marshall, the world heard a series of cameos of the impressive pageantry which made broadcasting history.

These two were pioneers in adult British commentating. The alert, youthful-sounding voice of Woodruffe and the deeper, dignified tones of Marshall ushered out all those predecessors who had halted, twittered, chatted with unheard stooges, and generally provided music hall artists with fodder for fun.

Marshall has since forsaken broadcasting for big business. Woodruffe,

SON-THE-SPOT MEN

by JACK GOLDING

happening, ready to tell the world. sound easy—but so far only four are making a real success of the job

with a fine naval record in both wars, is editing the *R.N. Ditty Box*. But Britain will never forget six hilarious minutes of Coronation week when Woodruffe told them exactly to what extent the Fleet was Lit Up.

Following these pioneers came John Snagge and Michael Standing. The horizon was still unexplored. They tackled the job with little idea of what might happen. They did street broadcasts. They covered sport. They tried stunts which ranged from climbing firemen's ladders to searching the bottom of the Thames in a diver's suit. And they discovered that the public loved it.

Lived in Front Line

Today Snagge concentrates more on the presentation of news, and Standing, in charge of outside work during the war, has turned his attention to variety.

The great opportunities for microphone work in the open air arrived with the war. And, practically from nowhere, appeared Stewart MacPherson, Wynford Vaughan Thomas, Richard Dimbleby and Raymond Glendenning.

These four lived in the front line, whether it was a Luftwaffe raid on central London, an M.T.B. skirmish in the Channel, an infantry attack in Normandy, a bombing mission over Berlin, a zip over Arnhem during the big para drop, or crossing the Rhine in a Buffalo with assault troops. They ran the gamut of human emotions and learned their stuff by experience.

MacPherson had worked for the B.B.C. before the war, but his small claim to fame was based mainly on an ability to cover ice-hockey. Vaughan Thomas, a poetically descriptive Welshman, gave promise of being useful on great national occasions. Dimbleby seemed to have ability, but was more or less untried. Glendenning was versatile but had not yet made any real mark.

Between them, they formed the backbone of the wartime outside broadcasting system, reporting the activities of both the armed and civilian services. The war offered them a small fortune in opportunity. They grabbed the chance and their position today has been built upon that combination of talent, hard work and good fortune.

He'll Tackle Anything

MacPherson has spread his net widest. His activities range from running commentaries on ice-hockey, boxing, cycle and motor cycle racing, bridge and swimming to spontaneous programmes such as *Twenty Questions*, the music hall, and compering anywhere from Bournemouth to Aberdeen in the course of a week. He is in constant demand and under terrific pressure.

He arrived in Britain twelve years ago, having worked his way from Canada on a cattle boat. He had no radio, stage or journalistic background. He kept his eyes and ears open and his tongue constantly moving when he got in front of a microphone, and about three years ago found himself sitting on the edge of a large bank account.

Many people consider him the handiest

man in Britain at a mike. They find his machine gun repartee and sly humour contagious. Others, shocked at times by his carefree lack of general knowledge (as when he answered that the Eiffel Tower was in a country with no Mediterranean coastline), his raucous tactics in such programmes as *Ignorance is Bliss*, and his transatlantic exuberance when delivering running commentaries, are frankly irritated.

The difference of opinion does him no harm. A little heated argument about his talents provides good publicity. He remains a very live topic of conversation among listeners. Whether he can maintain his present high standing and keep up the breakneck pace at which he works will depend almost as much upon his physical condition as upon his judgment.

Lyrical But Practical, Too

Vaughan Thomas is nearly the antithesis of MacPherson: a combination of the lyrical and the practical, with a sureness of touch and expression which is unequalled when describing the solemnity and grandeur of the Royal Wedding in Westminster Abbey or the unveiling of the Roosevelt Memorial. His reporting of the Royal Tour of South Africa and of the Olympic Games was among his major triumphs.

Admirers of MacPherson are not always admirers of Thomas. They think his approach lacks pace and attack; but in purely descriptive commentary he has no rival. He has a poet's emotion, and can transmit it over the microphone.

Richard Dimbleby, Great-hearted Dimbleby to his colleagues, has much of Vaughan Thomas's ability to sweep listeners into the spirit of great occasions, though he uses quite different methods. Tolerant, keenly observant, he has the peculiar gift of selecting the tiny human incident from among the milling thousands and bringing it to the foreground of the encompassing panorama.

Boy King and the P.C.

It was Dimbleby's quick eye which picked out the young King of Iraq at the Royal Wedding being led away from the main entrance to the Abbey by a policeman who thought he was just another inquisitive kid. The incident added not only humour but also reality to the impressive scene. Where MacPherson holds listeners' attention with a violence which is almost physical, and Vaughan Thomas arouses their emotions, Dimbleby is the gentle sentimentalist, the understanding family man, almost always successfully withstanding the temptation to gush.

The last of the four, Raymond Glendenning, is the veteran. He had tried all branches of radio and failed in none. He maintains the consistently happy medium. Though he specializes in football and horse racing, he tackles any job with nonchalance. He may at times fall short of the vivid phrasing of the other three, but he can always be counted on to turn in a good performance. He is, in fact, the Old Dependable.

Outside broadcasting has produced more than its share of embarrassing moments. There was, notably, the time when microphones were planted generously about one area of a Sussex wood in an attempt to catch the voice of a nightingale. What they did catch was the conversation between two lovers under a chestnut tree, and it was several minutes before they could be cut off the network. The male member of the party was particularly annoyed that



Raymond Glendenning: "the veteran" specializes in football and racing



Stewart MacPherson: Fast talker on anything from boxing to bridge



Richard Dimbleby: Master of tiny human incidents on State occasions



Vaughan Thomas: Major triumphs were Royal Tour and Olympic Games

his privacy should have been so unexpectedly nationalised.

Street broadcasts, though they have great appeal, keep the commentator on tenterhooks, dreading the unheralded and shattering remark. Once when MacPherson, standing in front of a bombed and blazing building, asked a little woman where her husband was, she replied: "Him? The coward's gone and joined the blinking Army!"

Couldn't Speak for Laughing

On another occasion, in the early days, when MacPherson, Standing and Snagge went to Bertram Mills' winter quarters, at Ascot, Snagge decided to ride a horse bareback. He was harnessed into the practice gear and, when he slipped off, his nose bumping against the horse's tail, MacPherson and Standing laughed so violently that they could not continue the broadcast.

The surprises, the odd revealing incidents, can never be foreseen or prepared for, but the commentator can, and does, make some preliminary research into the subject and the personalities he

has to describe. This data is stored in a photographic mind, and the commentator's success will depend to some extent on his ability to keep calm enough to reproduce the information during the actual broadcast; not always an easy feat at the scene of action, with the microphone in front, earphones on the head to receive guidance from the engineers, and a cue light signalling the times to cut out and in again.

The dearth of men capable of coping with all these technical and psychological problems at the same time as they produce a commentary really worth listening to was shown by the recent B.B.C. Television Service's advertisement for commentators.

It is difficult to believe that the forty-odd millions who dwell in the United Kingdom are incapable of providing the right material. The answer would seem to lie in the lack of any real policy on the part of the B.B.C. for testing and training promising newcomers. It is a problem which the B.B.C. will have to face very soon if they are to find replacements or colleagues for their Big Four.



Evening out alone: N. Howitt says good night to children and wife



Gwenyth Williams: she condemns foxhunting

FREE SPEECH

Readers write of firms who are misusing labour exchanges; whooping cough; children before marriage; foxhunting

I AND SEVERAL OTHER men recently got jobs through a labour exchange with a firm of manufacturing chemists as sales representatives.

I got several good orders, and the sales manager was very pleased. Then, after exactly three weeks' employment, I received a letter of dismissal without any reason being given. There was no mention of commission due to me.

From other cases that have come to light, it seems that this firm is using the Ministry of Labour as a sort of unpaid servant to procure men who will be sacked as soon as they have brought in new business. Their commission is pocketed, and the men are then thrown back on to the labour market.

To safeguard against this disgraceful practice, the Ministry should investigate firms before sending applications for jobs.—R. H. C., London, N.W.6. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Whooping Cough

AS A MOTHER whose twin daughters have suffered from the disease, I was most interested in Dr. Harvey Graham's article on whooping cough (JOHN BULL, November 6). My girls caught it when they were two years old, and while one recovered in a fortnight, the other had it for six months, by which time she was reduced to a shadow of her former self and had developed a squint.

When my son was born, I entered him for the whooping cough experiment in this city, and have never regretted it. He is visited every month by a charming health visitor, and, if he develops a cough, I am to inform the public health department, who will give treatment at once.—MRS. JOAN DICKS, 4 Churston Avenue, Blackley, Manchester, 9.

Should Doctors Tell?

A RECENT ARTICLE in *The Lancet* urges that doctors should tell their patients more about their ailments and treatment.

As a nursing sister I wholeheartedly agree. This point of view has needed emphasizing for many years. I have always found that intelligent explanation of treatment has created the right sort of

co-operation on the part of the patient and has speeded recovery.

Women doctors, I have noticed, incline to this view far more strongly than men.—MRS. L. D. NILES, S.R.N., Glengarry, Cookham Rise, Berks.

Married the Girl

THE REV. W. E. PURCELL was right to stress the problems besetting the unmarried father (JOHN BULL, October 30).

I found myself in that position when I was twenty and financially unable to support a wife and daughter. Though I was regarded as a social outcast, I worked hard to better my position.

In a few years, I was able to marry the girl and today the only blot on our happiness is the fear that some day an interfering busybody will tell our daughter of her parents' "sin."—R. M., Fife. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Can't Find a Wife

READING THE LETTER from "Thwarted Idealist" (JOHN BULL, November 13), whose husband told her it was extremely unlikely any man would be willing to lead the life which she considered ideal, I know that I for one would.

I am an ex-Serviceman, single, aged twenty-eight. I live alone in digs, find all my own meals, do my own charring. I do not know what home comfort is like. My Christmas dinner last year consisted of bread and jam, and I expect it will be much the same this year.

Many a time I have dreamed of a wife, with a home of our own, yet, though I'm not bad looking, I've yet to find a partner.—BACHELOR, Durham. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Hunting Without Foxes

JOHN MAY, CONCLUDING his article "Headin' For the Last Foxhunt" (JOHN BULL, November 6), says: "I should not like to see hunting done away with."

This society does not object to hunting as such, but has always advocated the substitution of the "drag hunt" for the animal hunt. The sport is popular in a number of districts and, as it does not damage seeds, land or fences, it has

the support of many farmers.—J. C. SHARP, League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

**Human runner takes place of a fox in a drag hunt and adopts all the wiles of a fox. He pulls a cord to which is attached a rag soaked in fox's scent. This draws the hounds.*—EDITOR.

It's Barbarous

IF FOXES WERE NOT smoked out or dug out of their refuges hunting could be a clean sport. The fox has all the odds against him, and if he is able to elude his pursuers he should be left in peace.

I loved the sound and colour of hunting—until I saw a live fox torn to pieces by hounds. I have never hunted again.

The "bleeding" of children is barbarous and undoes in a minute all the humane teaching they get in schools. Most children are animal lovers, and to smear the hot blood of a dead fox on a child's cheek is, to say the least, a filthy and uncivilized business.—GWENYTH WILLIAMS, Branton, North Devon.

What About Rabbits?

HOW INCONSISTENT some people are. They rail against the cruelty of fox hunting, in which the fox has at least a sporting chance of escape. Yet, given a trapped rabbit, they say: "Rabbit for dinner. Lovely!"—with never a thought for its sufferings.—MRS. A. L. OLDFIELD, 25 Stockton Lane, York.

Problem for Parents

MY WIFE AND I HOLD conflicting views on the age at which children should be left alone in the house after being put to bed.

Our children are aged nine and five and are very sensible for their ages. Yet my wife refuses to leave them. I feel that children of this age are quite old enough to be left alone, so allowing parents to go out together again.—N. HOWITT, 22 Abbey Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Lone Telephonist

MISS G. M. R., NORFOLK, writing in JOHN BULL (November 6), drew attention to the danger of having only one man on duty in a railway signal box.

This situation also exists in telephone exchanges. Only this year the Post Office refused to agree to a minimum staffing of two men in small exchanges at night, on the grounds that emergencies were few.

This is ridiculous. It is night telephonists who handle the great majority of emergency calls for police, fire or

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ambulances. Say the lone telephonist is taken ill?—P. B., Cumberland. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Ill in Signal Box

SOME TIME AGO, in a one-man railway signal box, I was taken ill at midnight with sickness and dizziness. I phoned for a relief, and was told that none was available. I worked on as best I could till my mate relieved me at 6 a.m.

I was glad that I had only comparatively slow freight traffic to deal with and not passenger trains.—RETIRED SIGNALMAN, Harrow, Middlesex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Police are so Helpful

FEW PEOPLE KNOW of the excellent information service provided by the blue police boxes. The other day when stranded I just lifted the receiver and was given most helpful information.—P. JOSLIN, Stream House, Pirbright, Surrey.

**Though for public use, police boxes are not intended as information kiosks and should only be used in emergency.*—EDITOR.

"The Jacaranda Tree"

MANY THANKS FOR bringing H. E. Bates's new novel, *The Jacaranda Tree*, to us so soon. Lucky enough to get his previous book, *The Purple Plain*, from the public library, we were prepared to wait an age for his latest. Now we eagerly await each instalment of the serial.—D. E. CLARK, 48 Farndon Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham, 8.

How Does He Do It?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY K. J. Petts are always brilliant, but with his paintings for *The Jacaranda Tree* he surpasses himself. Does he use photographs to produce such natural, lifelike illustrations?—P. WATTS, "Ripplestone," Wraysbury Road, Staines, Middlesex.

**K. J. Petts writes: "After steeping myself in the atmosphere of H. E. Bates's novel and after many conferences, I had a clear mental picture of the characters and situations. I usually use models for positioning, but for the large painting of Paterson and Nadia embracing (last week's instalment), I acted as my own model for Paterson—a girl model 'stood in' for Nadia—and made sketches with the aid of a mirror."*

Picture to Remember

RONALD LAMPITT's cover painting of a Saturday-night crowd (JOHN BULL, November 13), with its wonderful detail, has given me an idea.

I intend to cut out this and any similar covers and, after pasting them on cardboard, use them for the ever-popular memory game in which one has to look at a picture for two minutes and then note down as many different objects and incidents in the picture as one can remember. But it needs a better memory than mine to get down all the detail in Lampitt's painting!—MISS FREDA COOKSON, Carrog, Prestbury, Macclesfield.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

They'll Love It

Children of all ages and tastes will revel in each of the 320 pages of *The Children's Own Treasure Book*. It is crammed with delightful and intriguing stories, poems and features by such favourite writers as Enid Blyton, Noel Streatfeild and Leonard Gribble. Particulars for obtaining this book appear on page 27.

TRANSFERS ARE A GAMBLE by JOHN ARLOTT

The wag in the soccer crowd who shouts, "Buy a new team," forgets that successful soccer teams are built, not bought

ON EVERY TERRACE of every club that is not challenging for the lead in its division—and of some who are—you may hear the mutter: "Why don't they buy a goalkeeper (or full-back, or half-back, or forward)?"

While discussion continues on the "big-money" angle of transfers, more consideration might well be given to the content of the system. An examination of the transfer market is fascinating if one considers it in the light of team building.

It is the buying club that gambles.

The selling club may, invariably does, in the case of a young player, price him not only as the player he is, but for the player he is likely to become. Such a sale can hardly be called a gamble.

It is not enough for the manager of the buying club to know that a man is a good player. For the purchase not to be a gamble he would have to know many things humanly impossible for him to know.

He may, as a result of honesty on the part of the player and the selling club, know that the player has or has not some injury likely to recur, or some illness which will increasingly impair his fitness. But how can a manager tell whether the player will like his new club-mates?—or whether the new crowd will like him? Or if they do not, whether they will put him off his game?—or whether the change of district will suit him?

Each one of these factors alone has been enough to turn a costly player into a relative failure with his new club.

Tried Too Hard

One of the big-money transfers of pre-war days, Bryn Jones, points this lesson.

Bryn Jones was, and still is, a remarkable footballer. He was the greatest player, except Stanley Cullis, of even that great prewar Wolverhampton Wanderers eleven. When he went to the Arsenal at a record fee, he became anxious. It is a natural reaction in a man who has just cost more than any other player in the history of the game to want to prove his value to his new crowd.

I think that Bryn Jones tried too hard and it affected his game. But I note as well that no member of those Wolverhampton teams has ever looked quite so good away from the Wolves as he did with them. Manager Buckley found his stars very young indeed and they were brought up to play Wolves' football—perhaps they never played quite so well in any other team setting.

The question of whether or not a player fits the team plan of another club is far more important than many people realize.

At the present time there is a demand for goal scorers. Football League goal scoring is at its lowest since introduction of the new offside rule. Dean broke the record with sixty goals in a season. Today, a centre-forward who can score thirty goals in a season is rare.

Lowrie had scored eighteen goals for Coventry at barely better average than a goal every other match last season when Newcastle paid £20,000 for him. Now, such is the precision of modern defensive play that Lowrie had to be a

good centre-forward to score those goals. A centre-forward must have some extra ability to beat the modern defence, some particular gift. The club that buys him must be able to play up to that particular gift.

Apparently Newcastle could not do so: he has not scored many goals for them.

I saw Lowrie's first game for Newcastle. Early in the match he was tackled and brought down. A wag in the crowd could not resist a shouted gibe about "Twenty thousand pounds." The first wag bred more and Lowrie was not given a happy first match. Two men now stand before Lowrie for the centre-forward position in Newcastle's first team.

Money Wasted?

Price, the centre-forward from Huddersfield, probably cost Reading £10,000. Portsmouth must have paid as much for Juliusen from Dundee; and Chelsea little less for Billington from Luton. Yet all three of those centre-forwards failed to hold their places in their new teams. A £10,000-gamble lost—and no club can afford many such.

The managers who bought those three centre-forwards believed they would fit their team plans. The players certainly did no less than their best. If the ball did not run quite fortunately for them, if they lacked the confidence a former colleague or their previous crowd gave them, that was enough to make the hair's breadth difference between goals and no goals.

Newcastle United, in its fight to get back to the First Division, has bought at least two expensive forward lines. It has not hesitated to drop its costliest players.

But Newcastle's gambles have been conscious gambles. The crowd on Tyne-side wanted First Division football. It would come in its thousands to watch the United. The money was there; the



Chelsea's Billington (right). Big money players do not always fit in

only thing that could stop it flowing in was dull and unsuccessful football. Newcastle United had to spend money to maintain a steady income.

It is often forgotten that over that period Newcastle produced some very brilliant young footballers who cost no more than their signing-on fee, but, to fill the gaps between those players, Newcastle spent a young fortune. It derived another, rather younger fortune, by selling players.

Now Newcastle, playing brilliant football, stands high in the First Division and a local product, Milburn, has become England's centre-forward.

Sometimes the manager's dream comes true. Arsenal had early failures, or relative failures, in the transfer market before it found the ideal centre-forward, already on its books, in Lambert.

Apart from that, Arsenal's record for

years was one long run of purchases of great players who came off—Ted Drake, Kirchen, Alex James, David Jack, Bastin, Crayston, Copping, Rooke, Roper, Macaulay, Mercer.

Yet perhaps even that parade of great stars fades beside the greatest and most successful buy of all. In 1928 Sheffield Wednesday was struggling to avoid relegation from the First Division. It bought Jimmy Seed, then the Spurs inside-right, and made him captain of the team. Not only did it escape relegation, but in each of the next two seasons it was champion of the First Division.

Seed was tactically right for the team. Even more than that, he was temperamentally right. He had a profound effect on the other players.

Yet, would Jimmy Seed, or anyone else dare to swear that he would have had precisely the same effect with another club—or were the man and the occasion perfectly matched?

The record-breaking, top-money transfers are usually made in the hope of getting just such a man as Seed proved for Sheffield Wednesday.

Wise Buying

But the most usually successful transfers are those on a lower level than that of the hoped-for miracle worker. The careful purchase of a man to do a specific job in a specific team for which he is known to be suited rarely causes a sensation, but it is wise buying.

An example of such a deal is manager Joe Smith's buying of Wardle, the Grimsby Town outside-left. Blackpool had most of its eggs in one basket when it had Mortensen and Matthews as its right wing. Great as this wing is, it was threatening to make the team lopsided.

The buying of Wardle put a match-winning winger on the left wing as well as on the right and thus provided relief for Matthews.

That was gambling—but less a gamble than the panic-spending orgies of clubs threatened with relegation. That sort of spending rarely succeeds but it gets the headlines and causes the arguments.

Yet it is not possible to buy a football team; football teams must be built. And where buying is sensibly linked with building there's no room for argument.



The jacaranda tree

THE STORY SO FAR:

IN TWO CARS, a group of British civilians led by incalculable, unorthodox Paterson are leaving Burma just ahead of the advancing Japanese. As if the dangers ahead of them are not enough, there is discord among themselves. This is sharpened by the presence of Paterson's native boy, Tuesday, Tuesday's sister, Nadia, and an Eurasian nurse, Miss Allison. There is a row over who shall share tents at the first halt. The Portmans, Betteson and his eccentric wife, Mrs. McNair and her daughter Connie are all involved. Only Major Brain remains a quiet neutral. The problem is solved, the party settles down to uneasy rest. Then, in her tent, Connie watches Nadia slip out to where Paterson is lying down in the open.

ON THE THIRD DAY the mountains seemed to move forward, shaped at last. They appeared above the plain like giant crusts, mouldy with grey-green mosses, clear of haze. Out of the vaporous fragility given by great heat in the glitter of the sun, through the powder of microscopic dust, forest folded endlessly into forest over rising escarpments of rock, and the rock had the savagery of iron contorted harshly by sun. All of it was slung across the north horizon like a barrier in which there was no visible break that could have been a road.

By the middle of the afternoon of that day, Paterson was worried by the running of the car. He drove all afternoon with his head forward, listening. Sometimes the engine coughed shortly and it was as if he were pressing the accelerator against nothing but wool; and then, as the car coughed again, the throat of the exhaust cleared itself with the sound of pistol fire.

When Paterson pulled up at last over the crest of the short rise his car had come up badly, without punch, and the Portmans' car came up behind quite fast, Portman pulling up beyond Paterson before he realized quite what had happened.

Portman leaned out of his driving window and called back: "Anything serious? Shall we hang on?"

"Don't know. Probably muck in the petrol. We'll camp, anyhow."

Portman, switching off the engine of his car, felt suddenly and sharply annoyed. Everything had been going very well. They had pushed ahead of the main batch of refugees and now they ran across them only as sporadic clusters of purple beetles crawling on the bullock tracks or the central road. They had overtaken long ago the first mad rush of rickshaws and bicycles and gharries.

They had even passed some cars. One of these had been driven by a Dutchman, who had called out that the Japanese were already in Yamethin.

As Portman got out of his car, Mrs. Portman said: "I think it's ridiculous camping at three o'clock. We lose hours. We'll get caught up in that mass of stuff again."

"It's probably nothing," Portman said.

"Well, I don't see why we should stop even if he does."

The feeling had grown with her that

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Of all the things to happen—a breakdown on the escape route. Then poor Mrs. Betteson stupidly talking out of turn. And finally those ugly, panic-spreading rumours

the cars were no longer together; that they had separate destinies; and suddenly the effect of being for the first time in front of Paterson's car increased it. She felt as if it were a kind of triumph over Paterson, who dictated routes and times and stopping places and hours of rest, and departure as if, she thought, the rest of them were children to be bullied and drilled.

That side of Paterson's behaviour had become part of an intense picture. Like his behaviour at the club, it was an attraction that would not let her rest. It was constantly with her like the glassy irritation of glittering crystal dust, the heat of the afternoons, the awful shattering road that kicked her stomach like a mule and left her bruised and strained and miserable so that she could not sleep at nights.

Portman walked back to Paterson's car and suddenly the road was split by repeated back-fires that reverberated from the rocks ahead like rifle fire. Mrs. McNair gave a little involuntary shriek and half-shouted:

"As if there were any need for that! I ask you!"

Paterson had the bonnet of the car open and was pushing the carburettor arm up and down, creating fierce revolutions. Every third second or so the exhaust fired its shattering gun-shot against the hills. Tuesday, holding the tool kit ready for Paterson in case of need, had on his face a vast and joyful smile. The exhaust seemed to bring him the joy of a gunner playing with limitless artillery.

Something about that smile increased Portman's annoyance by another degree.

"What's up?" he shouted.

"Carburettor job. Probably a matter of cleaning jets, that's all. Can't tell till I get it down."

"Do we have to stop? It seems a ghastly waste of daylight time. We'll have the clots catch up on us."

"It's their country," Paterson said.

"They have a right to get out of it. We're all running anyway like hell."

PORTMAN stood impotent, unable for a moment to speak; then Mrs. Portman called back from the car:

"What's all the argument, darling?"

Paterson said: "You'd better trickle down the hill and camp at the bottom. You may find water. I'll see what part of the job I can do here. If I can't finish it I can always coast down."

"Well, I suppose we have to!"

Portman went back to the car. The Portmans with Mrs. McNair and Connie rode on down the hill. Betteson and Major Brain came to offer help.

"I'll manage with Tuesday," Paterson said. "You'd better carry the other tent down."

"Good idea to carry it on my bicycle," the major said.

Paterson, head under the bonnet of

the car, was not really listening and he did not look up to see Major Brain wheeling the tent down the hill on his bicycle or Betteson walking ahead of him with Miss Allison, the nurse.

It was some time later when he looked up to see that Mrs. Betteson was still there. She had come out of the car and was sitting on the running board. Under Betteson's biscuit-brown topee, which she wore because Betteson had long ago bullied her into terror of the sun, she had something of the appearance of a caricatured missionary. Her eyes, from which all colour had faded in the bleaching white light of full afternoon, had a kind of prayerful caution as they looked up over the hills.

"There doesn't seem to be a road here at all."

"One," Paterson said.

"What happens if —" She left the rest of the sentence unspoken: partly from habit, partly because she felt her unspoken fears to be foolish things.

MRS. BETTESON had never really had the strength to put sanity into the things she said and did, or to protest against the idea that she was a fool, since the time of losing her first and only baby thirty years ago in the hospital at Mandalay. She had never felt quite right in herself since then.

What she really wanted to ask was what happened if you lost the road? Was there another one?

Or supposing a bridge was down? Or supposing something blocked it? Could you get round?

Nadia came out of the car and stood by the bonnet, watching Paterson and the boy working on the carburettor.

And seeing her, Mrs. Betteson forgot the question and the fears it brought about the hills.

In the evenings, when she and Mrs. Portman and Mrs. McNair were alone in the tent, the talk sooner or later was about the girl. It was quite obvious she was going to have a baby, Mrs. Portman said. You had only to look at her to know.

Mrs. Betteson stood for a moment gazing at the girl's full round breasts and the body curving gently at the belly of the skirt; and then the words were out, in her foolish way, before she could stop them:

"I had a baby once, too. A long time ago."

Nadia stood smiling: not with the habitual smile of service and joy, as the boy did, but with the politest smile of friendliness because she did not understand a word.

Mrs. Betteson said: "Doesn't she speak English? I thought she did. I thought she understood," but Paterson, too busy with the carburettor, had not been listening.

It was only when the girl spoke in

Burmese that he pulled his head sharply up from the carburettor.

"I'm very busy, Mrs. Betteson. What are you trying to say?"

"I thought she spoke English, I thought she understood. I was saying I had a baby once, too."

It flashed suddenly on Paterson what she was trying to say. Involuntarily he swung round with the spanner uplifted. In a moment the habitual terror of Betteson became for her a new terror of Paterson, whom she saw standing there as Betteson did, as if he would hit her.

"Have I said something silly?"

"Who says this? Who says it?" he said.

"Isn't it true? Have I said something wrong?"

"Who says it?" he shouted.

She stood there for a second staring at him with eyes that were distantly and bloodlessly pallid. They looked deathly. And sorry for her suddenly, he recovered himself.

"Mrs. Betteson," he said quietly.

"Who says this?"

"They say so."

"They? Who's they?"

"Mrs. Portman."

He stood there for another moment impotently. Across the iron crustations of rock on the hills there seemed to bounce backwards, hitting the retina of his eyes with acetylene painful light, an awful flash of sun. He felt the pain melt through his body into anger.

And then he recovered himself again.

"You'd better go down with the others, Mrs. Betteson. You'd better get some tea and rest."

"Have I said something silly?"

"It doesn't matter."

Half blinded, the sweat pouring down over his brows into his eyes so that dust silted stingingly down into the pupils, he banged the spanner against the carburettor in grotesque efforts to loosen the nut that held the pipe. It resisted him until he began suddenly to swear against the entire soulless mechanics of the thing that had let him down.

And hearing it, as if it were directed against her, Mrs. Betteson broke into a terrified shuffling run down the hill.

WHEN Major Brain came back up the hill with a message, bicycling slowly, the heat seemed to advance solidly against him, as if to knock him down. Even so the necessity of carrying down the tent on the bicycle seemed to him a wonderful piece of sheer luck. It had given him more pleasure than anything else on the journey to bike the half-mile up the hill. In a wonderful way, even in that staggering heat, it had refreshed him.

Under the roadside palms, Paterson seemed to be surrounded by the crazy debris of several kits of tools. The sweat on his face had the bleared green-brown oiliness of a stokehold engineer. And by his side the boy and Nadia, holding tools in their hands, stood with some of the scared anxiety of assistants at an operation gone wrong.

"Portman wondered —"

"Wondered what for God's sake?"

"He wondered how long you'd be."

"And what the hell is he doing?"

"They're having tea."

"Wonderful!" He reached out a frantic left hand towards the boy, yelling for a screwdriver. "Nice of you to have brought some!"

The major, embarrassed, felt shaken;



"I thought she spoke English," said Mrs. Betteson. "I was saying-I had a baby once, too." Paterson swung round towards the woman, spanner uplifted

gripping the handlebars of his bicycle he said he was sorry.

"I'm sorry I shouted. Not your fault," Paterson said.

"That's all right. It's very hot. The whole thing is very trying. What shall I tell Portman?"

"Tell him we'll be off by morning—that's all."

At four o'clock the Dutchman's car came over the crest of the hill in a cloud of yellow dust that was like an explosion, the dust cloud splitting up through the narrow gap of trees overhanging the road, belching outwards in sulphur fog over the bullock tracks, drowning the straggling Burmese in a spray of powder.

The Dutchman shouted something as he passed.

"Plenty of time," Paterson yelled. "They won't catch you!"

The Dutchman concluded at once that Paterson had heard what he said. It surprised him utterly that the man could be such a fool in the face of what was happening. Paterson must be mad.

At the bottom of the hill he saw Portman: the car off the road, the tents not pitched, the four women sitting on the dust in the shade.

"Is that madman at the top of the hill one of your party?"

"What's up?" Portman said. "Where have you come from?"

"It's not where I've come from, my

friend. It's where I'm going. Damn quick.

"They're already trying to turn on the British. They butchered fifty on the railway station at Shwebo."

"Who's they?"

"The Burmese. The fifth column."

"I didn't know there was a fifth column."

"You never do, do you?" the Dutchman said. "That's why it's a fifth column."

Portman felt himself go white and sick, the sickness part of the dust-choked heat, his fear breaking out of him in prickled sweat.

"I always knew there was a fifth column here. I always told the British so. They're treacherous people, these nice, pleasant Burmans. We're just finding out."

"Where did you hear this?"

"I tell you something else, too. Only don't tell your ladies. Cholera. That's started."

Suddenly, Portman remembered what Paterson had said about cholera serum, and how, at the last moment, Miss Allison had not brought any with her.

"Of course, the fifth column is half dacoit. But it's the same thing. One cuts your head off just like another."

"Yes."

"And I tell you something else. The whole of Burma is coming up this road about thirty miles behind you. They're

all running. In one bloody great horde."

"I thought that."

"You don't want to think it, my friend. You want to get out."

"Yes," Portman said.

"Can I be of some help?" the Dutchman said. He was alone in the big American car. "You know your way?"

"I think so."

"You don't want to think! You want to get out. Quick." He nodded back down the road. "Before you're smothered."

HE smiled for a moment before letting in the clutch. Portman smiled, too, not knowing why. Then, as the car started forward down the hill, he stood for a moment or two watching the ploughed-up column of dust come thickly between himself and the car. With the dust there once again whipped into his face all the dry concentration of heat, like a solid flame; and with the heat the new sweat of anxiety, the awful sick half-coldness of fear.

As Miss Allison began to walk up the hill, partly to ask Paterson how the repair was going, partly because she was tired of trying to get out of Mrs. Betteson what Paterson had said to make her half hysterical earlier in the afternoon, she was surprised to see Paterson coming down the hill, coasting the car.

The boy Tuesday was riding on one running board and the girl on the other;

the boy was smiling broadly and the breeze blew against the skirt of the girl, flattening it away from her bare leg. And with the boy's pink-and-brown football shirt and the girl's skirt of yellow and purple, the stripes running about her body like hoops, the cream blouse fluttering with the light transparency of wings, they had something of the look of two bright and powdery moths, clinging with dusky antennae to the car, innocent and happy.

As the car went past they called something to Miss Allison in Burmese, but she did not answer. She never spoke Burmese.

Walking back down the hill she was suddenly oppressed once again by the feeling of loneliness that had been with her ever since she had woken up in the car and had wondered, on the second day of the journey, where she was. She did not speak Burmese; she was not English; she was not of one world or the other.

For a month she had been on night duty at the hospital and that, too, produced in her a comparable sensation—a sensation of isolation, almost of physical twilight, in a way indicative of all her life, all she was and all she stood for—neither of night nor day, one blood nor another.

She did not belong to the boy and his sister; she did not belong to Paterson and the rest. Major Brain and Paterson had been very nice to her; she put them, in

decency, side by side with Dr. Fielding, at the hospital. But that did not destroy her feeling of inferiority; it hardly even lessened it. In some ways, indeed, it merely aggravated it, as if they were giving her that decency as a special dispensation against her Eurasian status. Not that it was status—it was something infinitely less than that.

It did not even come into the range of the colour problem, of whether black was fit for white, white finer than black, or whether the ways of one should be open to the other. She belonged only to the half-colour problem—the problem that was not much more than a sniff in the air, the problem of disinheritance of blood—the problem of the damned.

And now, as she reached the bottom of the hill and walked over to where Portman's car was parked beyond the line of teak trees, on the ridge of rice stubble, she saw Paterson and Portman talking.

It struck her sometimes that her father must have been very like Paterson; and her mother very like the girl who had crept out of the tent at night to sleep with him under the car. Time and situation were a little different—but that, or something like it, was how her mother and father had behaved twenty years before on the sea coast of the Arakan.

Nobody in those days thought very much of a Burmese girl marrying an English trader or a planter or even an administrative officer. It was a very natural thing; sooner or later the man's fiancée turned up and the coloured girl went back to her people. Nobody thought much of that. Nobody thought much of the consequences either.

But she, here in the moment of Burma being split from top to bottom by the invasion and exodus of war, was one of the consequences. And because of it she was troubled rather as Major Brain was troubled—by whether she had any part in this journey, by whether she ought to stay behind, impersonal and succouring, with the people to whom she only half belonged, or whether she ought to go on, escaping from them, with the English to whom she wanted to belong.

THEN, as she went past Paterson and Portman, she heard Portman say: "He was quite definite about it, I tell you. 'Cholera has started,' he said."

The word did not surprise her. She knew if the exodus got out of hand cholera must follow; malaria and dysentery and even typhus would follow, too. The heat was growing in violence every day, and all across that dry plain, blistered white by sun, there was very little water except in the irrigation ditches and the water holes. It did not take very long for cholera to begin.

She had enough sense to know at once why Portman and Paterson were talking alone. She had seen Portman talking to the Dutchman. The thought of cholera did not frighten her; but she knew suddenly that it was something that it was better the other women should not hear.

A moment later she was startled to hear Mrs. Portman go past her, half-shouting:

"There's nothing like getting it from the horse's mouth. I'm going to ask him what he said."

Under the tree, Mrs. Betteson was still

WITH MY FEET UP • by IAN FOX

For The Defence

DO YOU WANT to volunteer for the new civil defence organization, do you?

Yes, please.

Fill in this form giving details of past experience in wartime civil defence. You needn't go back beyond the Crimean war.

I won't.

I see that in the 1939-45 affair you were in A.R.P.

That's right.

Methods of warfare have made certain advances since then, and we are most anxious to avoid fighting the last war over again.

So am I.

Now, in the last war you were in a first-aid post, were you not? Did you learn what to do for snake bites?

Yes, we had lectures on it. And bee stings. But I didn't meet anyone who had been stung by a bee in an air raid.

Things are different today. Do you know how to stop atom bombs by using brown paper?

Frankly, no.

At the moment; nor do I. But it



has been suggested. Can you lay bricks?

No. Why?

Someone has said radioactive rays, which travel at the speed of light, can be stopped by a brick wall.

But he also said that behind the rays, travelling at the speed of sound, comes the blast which blows the walls down on top of you.

How about you and me going off together to a nice South Sea island?

Look what happened to the South Sea islands in the last war.

crying, in silly flutters of dying hysteria. A lot of unnecessary fuss had been made of it, Miss Allison thought, and as Mrs. Portman went by she said:

"I think I should drop the whole thing if I were you."

"You would what?"

"I think I should drop it all if I were you."

"You don't happen to be me."

"I know. But hysteria patients are like that. They keep on because they enjoy attention."

"I don't care about hysteria. It's the truth I'm after."

"All right. Have it your way."

"And don't talk to me in that offensive way!" Mrs. Portman said. "I've had enough to put up with already!"

Mrs. Portman walked straight over to Paterson and her husband. She felt intensely offended and infuriated by what the girl had said. It was typical of the whole Eurasian set-up. Too many of them were throwing their weight about as if they had social and educational equality. Too many of them were teachers and nurses, stuffed with half-baked psychology. Too many of them were growing far more superior and far more maddening than the Burmans themselves.

"Mr. Paterson, I suppose you know we've had Mrs. Betteson prostrate here all afternoon."

"No," Paterson said. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"Ever since you bullied her up there about something or other."

"I don't remember bullying her."

Paterson began walking away. The

carburettor would certainly not be finished that night and it was time to get the tents pitched.

"And you needn't think you can get out of it by walking away, Mr. Paterson."

"We have to make camp," Paterson said. "If you'd made camp, instead of fussing, Mrs. Betteson would have been all right now."

"We didn't make camp because of your wretched carburettor."

"Well, we'll make it now."

"Isn't the carburettor finished?"

"No."

"When is it going to be finished?"

"I hope by tomorrow afternoon."

"You hope! I think that's monstrous."

Portman looked very worried and said: "That rather alters things, Paterson, doesn't it? I mean —"

"You mean what?" Mrs. Portman said.

"Oh! it's all right."

"You're keeping something from me."

"It isn't anything," Portman said.

"Anything to matter."

PATERSON shouted across the clearing: "Major Brain! Could you and Betteson start pitching, please? I'll be coming in a second."

Portman felt relieved that camp was going to be made at last; and then Mrs. Portman said:

"Things are trying enough without your being on his side."

"I'm not on his side."

"Then why don't you treat me with

confidence? What were you hatching up?" Paterson heard and, tired and very hot, his hands sticky with oil and his face caked with sweat, he came back:

"Your husband has heard a rumour that cholera has broken out. I don't think it's true."

"Why don't you think it's true?" she said. "You talked about cholera serum."

"That was an obvious precaution."

"You wouldn't have wanted to take precautions if you didn't think there was a chance of it."

Portman said: "It's probably not true. It's probably malaria."

"Of course, that's a picnic, too," she said.

"Anyway I wouldn't worry," Paterson said. "We have decent water and we can chlorinate it. All we have to do is stick together and take proper care."

"It's all very well to talk about sticking together when you're going to delay us a day."

"That can't be helped," he said. "There's nothing we can do about that."

"I'm not so sure," she said.

Paterson walked over to where Major Brain and Betteson, with Tuesday and Nadia, were putting up the tents. He stood smiling. He was determined not to start a row.

He felt convinced that the security of the party depended, largely, on decent cohesion, on giving and taking, on the smothering of the little differences. He did not believe the story about cholera. Malaria, yes; dysentery most likely.

He bent down into the brown orange shade of the tent, where Nadia was kneeling, the fan of palm frond spread before her knees, which were pressed together, her hands fanlike, too, on the dust she had smoothed.

NADIA did not speak, but the way she looked up, her eyes tender in the shadiness of the tent canvas, suddenly dispersed all the sharpest of his irritation, the edginess of his fatigue and sweat, his tenuous anger against Mrs. Portman. For a moment he bent lower and held her head with his two hands, feeling the smooth oil of the purple-black hair.

"There's no flower in your hair," he said.

"I will find one."

"A red one."

"I will find one," she said.

Smiling, feeling that to see her without the flower in her hair was to see her only half dressed, he was suddenly perturbed by the voice of Portman, outside the tent, behind him, in a half whisper.

"Can I have a word with you?"

They walked a little distance away.

"You see, the point is this. It isn't only the cholera."

"What else is it?"

"It seems there's a fifth column."

"I'm not surprised."

"They butchered fifty British in Shwebo yesterday."

"There weren't fifty British in Shwebo to butcher."

"These were on a train."

"Who said this?"

Portman told how the Dutchman had stopped to tell the story, and Paterson remembered him.

"It's just the usual retreat story," he said. "They run to a pattern. Rape, cholera, murder, fire—"

"I can't help feeling this one isn't quite like that. The fact is my wife is awfully worried," Portman said.

"Then tell her not to worry. The thing is to be patient and stick together and not worry."

"She rather wants to push on."

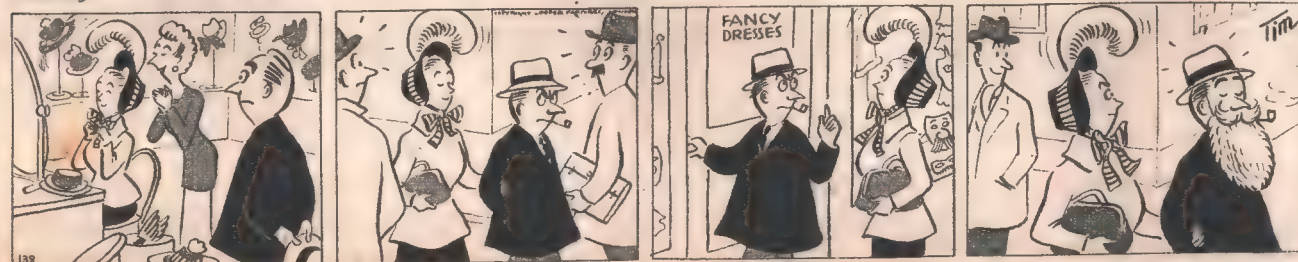
"That's idiotic."

"I'm rather with her there, I'm afraid."

As Paterson said nothing, Portman went on: "Speaking frankly, would it

Continued on page 25

OH, JOHNNY!



by TIM

Ryvita and Marmalade

FOR BREAKFAST



HONEYBUNCH, THE EARLY BIRD, AND THE WORM



ROWNTREE'S COCOA So grateful—so genial—so GOOD



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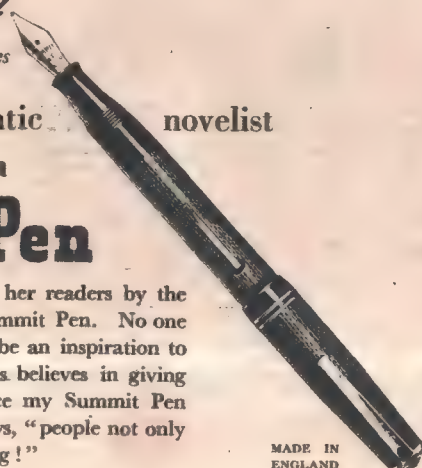
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Ruby M. Ayres

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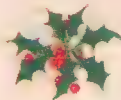


MADE IN
ENGLAND

Christmas Fare

Here are recipes for popular Christmas items. You'll find that, though they're not extravagant with ingredients, they give you the traditional Christmassy flavour.

making the CAKE



3 oz. sugar, 4 oz. margarine, 3 level tablespoons warmed treacle or syrup, 8 oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2 eggs, fresh or dried, 1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 3 tablespoons cold tea.

Cream the sugar and margarine together and beat in the treacle or syrup. Mix the flour, soda, salt and spices together. Add alternately with the eggs to the creamed mixture and beat well. Add the fruit and mix

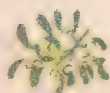
in the tea. Put the mixture into a 7 in. tin, lined with greased paper, and bake in a very moderate oven for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

ICING: 6 oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon water, few drops lemon juice or lemon substitute.

Sift sugar into a bowl to remove lumps, add water and lemon juice and mix till smooth with a wooden spoon. Spread with knife on cake, dipping knife into water occasionally to give a smooth surface. This is sufficient for a thin layer on top of 7 in. cake.



the Christmas Roast



Suitable joints are ribs of beef, breast of lamb or veal, loin of lamb or veal. Approximate size for 4 people will be 3 lb. Joints should be boned before stuffing, and surplus fat removed.

STUFFING: 6 oz. breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 level teaspoon dried egg, dry, 2 level teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dripping, lard or chopped suet, 2 tablespoons milk, stock or water.

Mix together the breadcrumbs, parsley, herbs, dried egg and seasonings.

Melt the fat in the milk, stock or water, and add to the dry ingredients. Mix well with a fork and spread a layer of mixture along the inside of the meat. Roll meat up into a neat shape and tie with string or tape to keep it in shape. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat to slow or moderate and continue cooking for a further $1\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Make any remaining stuffing into balls, fry or bake them separately and serve round the meat.



a delicious Mincemeat

$\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. apples, 3-4 oz. sugar, 2-4 oz. suet or melted margarine, 2 level tablespoons marmalade, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon grated nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice or essence, a few drops rum essence.

Chop the dried fruit finely and grate apples. Add other ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Put into small jars and tie down securely. Store in a cool dry place. If the large quantities of fruit, sugar and fat are used, this will keep for several weeks, but with the smaller amounts, it should be used within about 10 days.



MUSTN'T GRUMBLE

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

First there had been Grigsby at the office; then the rain, the ticket collector, the dog, the feeling of being in the way at home. All the petty irritations of the day suddenly welled up

WHAT JIM THOUGHT WAS: to hell with Grigsby! Which eased his feelings a bit but didn't make him any happier. He couldn't expect it to. Even thinking about Grigsby was painful.

Some men, the day over, could forget everything until the morning. Jim had been like that once, but not now. When today had meant Grigsby he couldn't forget that tomorrow would mean Grigsby all over again. Grigsby shaking his head and seeing the worst on its way. Grigsby watching you until you went wrong and then letting you have it, but never patting you on the back when you did anything right. Grigsby for ever finding fault and *nattering*. How could you forget? Strange that a man, just by *being*, could turn everything sour.

As if it was Jim's fault that Harrison's account had been returned, and those costing sheets had been late from Merri-man, and Viners had complained about their last consignment, and the letter to Manchester branch had never got there. Being head of a section, it seemed to Jim, only meant being head of the things that went wrong in the section.

"To hell with Grigsby!" Jim thought again.

It had been a bit much at the office this day. Most days were a bit much at the office now, but this day had been a bit more than much. The office had become a kind of school that was all cane and never a prize-day.

Jim, standing at the barrier, with the rain from somebody else's umbrella running down his neck, started his nightly search for his season ticket in the wrong pocket. It was always the wrong pocket first. You took it out of your inner pocket and put it in your raincoat pocket to have it ready at the barrier, or you forgot and didn't. Either way, when the time came, you *knew* you were going to grope in the wrong pocket first. Jim was satisfied that Grigsby, with his everlasting *nattering*, was even behind that.

SHUFFLING nearer the barrier by wet inches he remembered how, at sixteen, he had been worried past sleep lest he didn't pull off the job, never got into the office at all. You'd have to be bright to get that job, he'd been told. No fooling. You'd have to put your mind to it.

It had seemed, at sixteen, that it was get into that office or fade out for life. A failure to the end of his days, if he didn't make the grade. And now, where the way in had been so hard, there was no way out. Except the sack. But you didn't think about that.

Funny how, all that time ago, it had been a nightmare, the fear that he'd never get into the office, while now it was a nightmare to *be* in.

He remembered his first season ticket

and how he'd managed to keep it clean, in a brown envelope, the whole quarter. He never troubled now. His latest one (if he could find it!) was already peeling into pale-brown layers at the corners.

Forty quarterly seasons ago, that first one, he remembered—finding the latest one at last and tucking it away after the collector had glared at it and him with the usual twice-daily hatred. Why were ticket collectors always like that? Maybe such a job got the nicest men that way in time.

Jobs could alter people. Take Grigsby himself. He wasn't a bad sort, Grigsby, once upon a time. Back in the days of that first season ticket of Jim's, Grigsby never minded a bit of a talk. About cricket or whether Hitler meant it or not. About almost anything. Now he just *nattered* and *barked*. If that was what promotion did for you, you could have it.

You couldn't please Grigsby these days whatever you did. It was one long grumble, till you didn't care what happened. Trouble at home, Jim had heard. Well, who hadn't, one way or another, big or little? Not that Grigsby *said*. He never said anything he didn't have to, these days. He'd make a first-rate ticket collector, Grigsby would!

"You look fed up!" said a fellow-traveller, bumping shoulders at the station approach. Jim, turning into the Avenue, didn't bother to reply.

Passing the Social Club, he could hear the click of billiard balls. This was one of the nights when an hour or two at the Social Club would pull a man out of himself, make him forget the day past and the day to come—if anything could. Must be seven or eight weeks since the last time he was in the Social Club, Jim reckoned. Oh, well, he'd have to see.

He reached home and the dog barked, hearing the gate squeak. Bark and squeak led to memories of a hundred other things, similar things in a way. The barrier at the station, the alarm clock on the dressing-table, the "Closed" board on the downstairs of his favourite tea shop, lean bacon, weeds in the garden, an empty fountain pen. . . . Fixed points of annoyance in a life that had got jammed.

They hadn't needed a dog, but Cath had wanted it as soon as she set eyes on it. Six weeks' worth of puppyiness, she'd called it. She'd picked "Winkle" for its name. All right at the time, but you felt a fool, now it was eighteen inches tall, shouting Winkle back across the road when you walked it last thing at night. The thought slipped in at the side

"Raining!" she said. "Just when I thought we might go to the pictures." He decided he'd better tell her later



of his mind that dogs sometimes lived ten years. Over three thousand "walks," last thing. . . .

Cath was over the gas stove with an anxious look on her face, he noticed, closing the door behind him with his back as he wiped his feet on the mat.

"Still raining?" she asked, looking up. When he said it seemed to be set in for the night she pushed at her hair with the back of her hand.

"It would be," she said. "Just when I thought we might have an evening at the pictures."

Jim stood in the kitchen doorway feeling like a batsman with the bails gone first ball. It wasn't going to be so easy to say *he'd* thought of an evening at the Social Club. Not after that.

Cath waved her hand and he backed out of the way. She darted through into the dining-room with a sauce boat, darted back. She waved her hand once more and he was in the way again. He saw her filling a pepper pot. Then she picked up a plate.

"Mind!" she said.

EVERYWHERE he turned he was in the way. But at last he was sitting in the little dining-room, looking at his dinner.

"I couldn't get you any whiting," said Cath. "Half an hour I was in a queue, and then the woman in front of me got the last whiting in the place. I could have cried."

Jim, to himself, hurried along the perspective of the day's annoyances, from Grigsby's distant first grouse to this—pretending that, after looking forward to whiting for eight hours, cod didn't matter. If cod it was.

"I could have cried." Yes, a woman could cry and it all seemed to come out and fly away. But a man could only *explain*. Which looked as if you'd come home to complain. Even if you could find your way back to the beginning, to start complaining.

"This has been a day!" said Cath suddenly, sitting and folding her arms on the edge of the table.

"When I broke the spout off the teapot after breakfast," said Cath, "I might have guessed what I was in for. Then the man came round about the water heater and had to *bang* all morning. Then Axby's wrote that they didn't have that house frock in the colour I wanted and they couldn't do the alternative either. They've sent *peacock*! It will have to go back, but I simply haven't had the strength to do up the parcel today. I don't know why these people advertise what they can't supply. . . . Then the line broke and I had to do the sheets again. Then the shopping."

Jim thought of Harrison's account and the costing sheets and Viner's complaint and the letter to Manchester branch and everything else that had gone wrong today. But if he started on that now, after what she had had to say, Cath would think he was only interested in his own affairs.

"After a day like this you need a break," said Cath.

Jim thought of the Social Club.

"To crown all," said Cath, "Mrs. Watson stopped me at the gate this afternoon, and *she* started."

Jim thought of Grigsby.

"She just lives for gossip," Cath went on. "No wonder nobody likes her. . . . Half an hour she kept me there. She just went on. I felt like being rude to her."

"Why weren't you?"

"But I *couldn't*," said Cath, looking surprised. "Would you?"

"Yes."

"Would you? Living next door to her and seeing her every day? Like that man in your office you're always talking about. What's his name?"

"Grigsby?"

"Grigsby. I guess you feel like

putting him where he belongs many a time, don't you?"

In a vague way this seemed like an opening, but it wasn't too clear. He let it pass.

"But do you *do* it?" Cath pressed.

Jim inspected a bone.

"Well, there you are, that's what I mean," said Cath. "It sounds easy. But we don't want unpleasantness with our neighbours." She sighed. "This is such a nice street, too. Why can't she live somewhere else?"

Jim thought of the office, days when Grigsby was at the Manchester branch.

Cath collected crumbs into a heap.

"It's just been one of those days," she said. "And now rain. . . . I'll be glad when it's time for you to walk the dog and we can call it over."

And again Jim thought of walking the dog. In the rain.

To change the subject he asked what was on at the pictures.

"Can't remember," said Cath. "And anyway we'd get wet going and get wet all over again coming back. But it would be a picture."

Half-way through clearing away she called from the kitchen, "It's *As You're Made*."

"As I'm made *what*?" Jim asked irritably.

"This week's picture," said Cath. "That's what they call it. I've just remembered."

"What's it about?"

"No idea," said Cath. "It's very good, supposed to be. I read about it somewhere. I forget who's in it."

"Come on, then," said Jim, washing out the Social Club. This wasn't the night to lead up to *that*.

So they went, Cath for once saying the washing-up could wait.

As You're Made was a picture about the back streets of Brooklyn, buses and corner shops and tenements, a man and his job, a wife and her home.

THE man's boss paid him little and used him long, they were piling up debts in the flat, and a neighbour, a Mrs. Cassidy, made trouble for everybody.

"That woman," said Cath, nudging Jim, "reminds me of Mrs. Watson."

"Might be sisters," said Jim.

The unscrupulous boss in the picture made the man's life an agony. Nothing the man could do gave satisfaction. His wife wanted a new refrigerator, but that

THIS WEEK'S COVER



SALLY THE DOG takes a poor view of Mistress Margaret's seasonal preoccupation with paper chains. Something to chew, yes—but she'd much prefer a bone. Margaret, for her part, wonders what a mess would result if she left the paper chains to the cover artist, Leslie Otway. Fathers, you know, aren't so hot at the really important things.

would mean a rise and the chance of mentioning a rise never came round. When he looked like getting near to it the boss always seemed to know and things were so manipulated that the man's biggest errors always came to light just in time, and the sack was threatened.

"He ought to hit the boss on the nose," said Cath. "Just once."

He certainly *ought*, Jim agreed, to himself.

But if, in identical circumstances, it were Grigsby's nose. . . .

The plot was a maze of suburban politics which Jim understood only slightly and Cath not at all. A riot threatened as rents rose and a factory closed.

"I don't see how these two are ever going to get over their troubles," Cath said. "I'm sorry for that poor man. Why *doesn't* he hit his awful boss on the nose?"

"That," said Jim, "would mean



"Are you quite certain of the sex of this animal that you persist in calling Bruce?"

marching orders, quick. You can see." Cath said: "I hate to see a man having to *grovel*."

"Don't see what else this man could do. Not yet," said Jim.

Suddenly Cath, without warning, surprised Jim by snuggling close to him.

"Still, a man ought to be a man," she said. And Jim, without being able to analyse reasons, suddenly felt twice the size of the unfortunate clerk in the picture.

The plot geared up to a crisis. Events whirled on the screen. Jim could feel Cath's fingers digging into his arm. He glanced at her in the thin light from the beam above their heads and saw that her lips were parted, her eyes wide.

"He's going to do it!" she whispered.

He did it. The clerk's fist came out of the whirling events and crashed on the bridge of the nose of the astonished boss.

Jim was half out of his seat. For a short second it had not been an astonished boss. It had been an astonished Grigsby.

A ledger flew across an office, then an inkwell, smashing the window. There were running feet and presently police car sirens. The riot gathered. There was a brief but joyous flash of the chattering Mrs. Cassidy being thrown into a canal by a group of enraged neighbours. Then violence faded, and a cock was crowing peacefully beside a haystack. Dawn shone and a road between waving cornfields led away from the back streets of Brooklyn. The man and his wife, hand in hand, were marching towards a Fuller Life.

As the lights went up Jim found himself rubbing his knuckles. It was as if Grigsby's nose had indeed bruised them.

The rain had stopped when they came out and a bright moon was shining. Cath said, walking home: "I wish they'd make more pictures like that. *Real*, that was. About actual people. Like life."

"Certainly was," agreed Jim.

She slipped her arm through his, looked up at him and smiled. Jim smiled back.

"An evening out like this takes a load off your mind," said Cath. "We ought to do it more often."

"Don't know why we don't," he said.

"That bit where the neighbours threw Mrs. Cassidy into the canal," said Cath.

"And that bit," said Jim, "where the clerk threw the ledger and the inkwell through the window."

"I don't know when I've laughed so much," said Cath.

They turned into the Avenue. Their side of it was moonlit. Cath said: "I *do* like this street. I always wanted to live here. We didn't have to wait for what they call the Fuller Life, like those two in the picture, did we? It would be perfect, this street, but for Mrs. Watson. I expect there's always something."

"I expect so," said Jim.

"I'd like to see Mrs. Watson's face if the neighbours threw *her* in the canal," said Cath.

She laughed again, and Jim laughed. Then he began to whistle, a tune they'd heard at the pictures.

"You sound cheerful," said Cath.

"Always cheerful," said Jim.

"Had a good day at the office?"

"Mustn't grumble."

The dog barked, hearing the gate squeak, and was all over them when Jim opened the door.

"I know what," said Cath. "I'll wash up and you take Winkle for a real good walk round the park."

"O.K.," said Jim. "Winkle—where are you? Come on! Good dog!"

He stood at the park gates and looked up at the moon, the dog snuffling through the grass fifty yards away. He stuck out his chest and took a deep breath.

"Wonderful night," he thought. "Makes you glad to be alive. To hell with Grigsby!"

THE JACARANDA TREE
Continued from page 20

be all the same to you if we split and went on?"

"It would be all the same, but it would be bloody silly."

"The Dutchman said the whole of Burma was coming up behind us in one terrific great horde."

"I shouldn't be surprised. They're bound to run."

"Yes, but God knows we don't want to get caught in that."

"If we're caught, we're caught. We've only got to die once. Don't be so bloody windy, man."

"I'm not windy!" Portman said. "I'm not windy!"

"Then go and tell your wife to stop being windy. We'll be off by tomorrow afternoon."

For Paterson there was no more to say. He did not doubt that the situation might grow very difficult. It might even grow very dangerous; even terrible.

Everybody was running; soon the stench, in that fierce March sun, would rise in the bullock tracks, and there would be no organization to stop the pillage of the water holes. The pi-dogs and the vultures would begin to feed.

But they themselves had good water; they could chlorinate it and boil it and take every care. He felt convinced they were well organized.

He saw that Mrs. Portman was advancing with Mrs. McNairn.

"We'll be away by tomorrow," said Paterson.

"Yes, but when tomorrow?" Anger had made Mrs. Portman excited and transfixed.

"I hope to get the pipe welded somehow back at the last village tomorrow morning."

"But that's miles back."

"About four," he said. "I can go on the major's bicycle."

Mrs. McNairn now spoke:

"I think you ought to know the Portmans, the Bettessons, Connie and myself are all agreed we should go on."

"You'd be very crowded," he said.

"That Dutchman had an empty car. We ought to catch him up quite easily."

Mrs. Portman said: "I don't see how you can stand there and oppose it. After all we're free agents."

"Quite," he said.

"We're six English people. Whereas

"Whereas what?" he said.

"You're quite incapable of seeing reason," Mrs. McNairn said. "You always were."

"Whereas what?" he said.

MRS. PORTMAN gave a deep breath and looked away to where, beyond the third tent, Tuesday was gently fanning the first curls of flame in the evening fire.

"Whereas we're just two whites, a half-white and a brown boy," he said, "and a girl that isn't going to have a baby."

Mrs. Portman looked terribly shocked and could not speak.

For some seconds longer he stood there looking at the two silent women, aloof and affronted and even a little disappointed because they had failed to arouse him to expected anger, and then he let out:

"For God's sake go! Don't let me stop you! Go, and don't talk about it any longer!"

He turned away without another word, leaving them standing there by the tent, the face of Mrs. Portman deadly white, the stuffed-hawk-like eyes of Mrs. McNairn caught in an expression of hungry alarm as if he had thrown out some terrible ultimatum.

To be continued next week



Some readers get very het up when I write about work

They're mad at me!

by HERBERT HODGE

I'M FEELING extraordinarily happy, writing this. I've just made a delightful discovery—about work. Nearly everybody I meet says work's a d—ll subject. But the odd thing is that whenever I write about work on this page, some readers, at least, get more violently worked up about it than about any other topic I touch.

Perhaps it's the way I tackle it—mainly from the manual worker's end. Anyway, the result is that I seldom get a mildly approving letter. It's either a letter from someone in the workshop saying: "How right you are!"; or a letter from someone higher up saying: "How wrong you are!"

But the worst kind of letter usually comes from someone entirely outside industry—telling me I'm shockingly biased against all employers, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself for "stirring up class hatred."

Like most people, I hate to be told I'm biased. I feel that he (though it's more often she) is accusing me of distorting the facts to fit my beliefs—in this case, my belief that very few firms treat their rank-and-file workers as fully grown human beings, still less as genuine partners on the job; and that, until far more firms do so, we shall never make any worthwhile progress

either in our industry or civilization.

That's why I'm delighted with my latest discovery: It seems to prove (to me, at least) that I'm neither a shockingly biased thinker, nor a poor misguided sucker. In fact, it even suggests I may be right.

The last time I wrote about work on this page I said I was always reading about factories where there was complete and wholehearted co-operation between workers and management, but I never seemed to meet anybody who worked for one of these enlightened firms. To which a reader replied: "I work for a very enlightened firm; and you're welcome to come and meet me."

So the other week I went and met her and had a look round the factory.

They Like Their Boss

As I preferred to make this an unofficial visit I didn't ask to see the managing director. I only heard what some of the workers thought of him.

Of course, I didn't meet all the workers, or anything like all of them. But I think I met some fairly representative samples. And the astonishing thing was that when I asked them why they thought this firm was so much better than most of the firms they'd worked for, they didn't begin by talking about the union or the shop stewards or the works' committee or

even the wages. They said, by way of clearing the ground first: "Of course, we've got a good managing director." Coming spontaneously like that, I felt it meant a lot.

I learned that the managing director refuses to call himself an employer. He insists that he's simply a paid worker—the leading worker, obviously, but, all the same, a fellow worker. What's more, he's a worker who finds time to discuss personal grievances or seeming injustices with any other worker in the firm.

The whole firm is run on fellow-worker principles. The management advisory committee (consisting of twenty-one wage earners' representatives and six of management) really functions. And there's no limit to the questions that may be discussed or the information the management may be asked to give.

But what appealed to me most was the system of grading the skill (and, of course, the pay) of individual workers.

Every shop or department has its own grading committee, consisting of three skilled workers in that particular grade. And in all cases of dispute or complaint the management relies on this committee of the actual men on the job for the final decision. They won't recommend promotion if the chap's not up to the job. They've got to work with him. On the other hand, if he's as skilled as they are, they won't want to see him working for less than their rate of pay. It's the democratic ideal united with commercial common sense.

Payment is built up on the basic rate for the job, plus the group bonus—depending on the output of each group. But there are also extra payments called "merit money" for applied intelligence, initiative, good workmanship, adaptability and similar qualities.

I Was Convinced

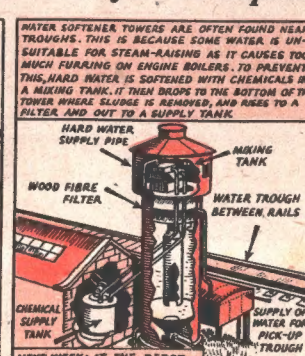
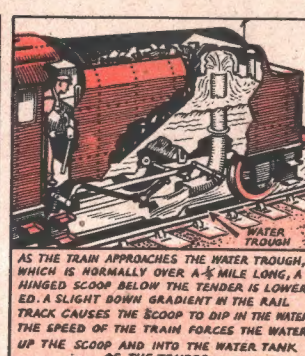
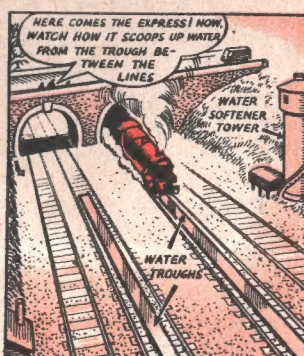
It's all a long, long way from my own young days in the workshop, when the managerial command to the worker seemed to be: "You're not paid to think; only to do as you're told."

There's plenty more I could say about it, but that will have to do for now. I'm not suggesting the factory's a workers' paradise; no factory will ever be quite that. But I went there feeling fairly sceptical about this complete co-operation between management and workers, and came away feeling fairly convinced. They are working on the right lines. I feel no doubts about that.

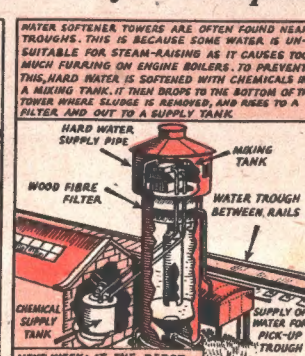
It's good to know there's at least one firm putting "idealistic ideas" into practice, and making them pay—in terms of greater happiness, increased efficiency, more production, higher wages and even a profit.

I imagine there can be few pleasanter feelings in this very commercial world than the knowledge that one is doing a lot of good and making a profit at the same time.

UNCLE ANDY



A Drink for the Express





PHONE MAN RINGS BELL

AFTER working late on a maintenance job the other Friday, telephone engineer A. Alexander came home to 21 Fortescue Road, Bournemouth, to hear he'd rung the First Prize bell in *Bullets*! A £250 cheque and a 14-lb. parcel for Christmas rewarded him for entering his neat and pithy effort, INTERNATIONAL HARMONY — "WE'LL USE Ordinary BOMBS!"

"I had to give up *Bullets* in the war," this ex-Serviceman told us, "and this was only my second attempt since 1940. My First Prize line was a happy inspiration; it came in a flash."

Tune in to the *Examples* on this page and in the next few minutes you may turn out a *Bullet* which will bring you a First Prize telegram on Christmas Eve.

FIRST RADIOGRAM OFFER FOR YEARS

"Bullets" Prizes value over **£500**

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£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

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ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Programme for 1949
Bridge To Peace
The Commonwealth
In The Melting-pot
Home
Too Big For His Boots
Starting Fresh
Old Ireland
Sleeping Beauty
Accidents Can
Happen, So

Shot At
Bump Of Knowledge
Grandpa's Souvenir
Not Playing The Game
Dropped On
At The Pantomime

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Truman's.....
Joined The.....
Why She.....
.....Verdict
Rushing To.....
Long Live.....And

BIG NEWS COMING
—reserve your Jan. 1 Bulletin!

Don't miss the full details of "Bullets" New Year Plan—secure your Bulletin and Gazette dated Jan. 1 by enclosing label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, Cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated January 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD No. 607 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Book. 2. Hood. 4. Goat. 6. Scamp. 8. Tea. 9. Band. 12. Togs. 13. Lie. DOWN: 1. Bower. 3. Doss. 5. Rain. 7. Charge. 8. Task. 10. Roof. 11. Cure. FOUR 500 SHARERS: W. M. Jackson, 510 Baird Street, Bradford; J. King, 78 Woodside Road, Cwmbran, Newport; Mrs. C. B. Pritchard, 27 Tower Road, Bournemouth West; Mrs. I. Simpson, 72 Haigh Lane, Chadderton, Oldham.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 32 entrants. In addition the 36 Winners and Runners-up receive 6-lb. Xmas Feasts.

MORE HOUSEHOLD PRIZES for XWORDS

Awards value up to

£100 1st Prize £250

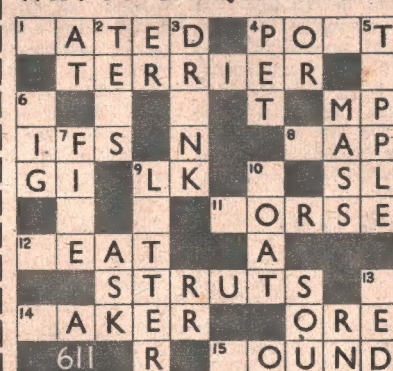
and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. ★ Grand prize with each Award value £1 and over—a 100-piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service!

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 26 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and you may win not only a cheque but one of the 100-piece Services such as have been received by 29 competitors.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

WIN A CHEQUE AND 100-in-1 PRIZE!



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

611 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 13

I enclose P.O. value.... Address.....

No.

"Bullets" Winners 1,655

FIRST PRIZE, £250: G. M. Stewart, 96 Glenhead Street, Possilpark, Glasgow, N.:

WITH A BIT OF ELBOW-GREASE

AND "DUSTER," "TABLE"

IMPROVING

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. A. Rawlinson, 13 Harradon Road, Aintree: OF ALL THE OPPORTUNITIES—NOT ONE GRABBED ME!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: A. Entwistle, 21 Barton Street, Darwen: DIRTY CRACKS—IN CROCKERY, GERMS' TRENCHES.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: F. W. Creighton, 28 Tiverton Street, Ardwick, Manchester, 12: OF ALL THE WORLD'S — "REMEDIES," MISTRUST MAKES "POISON." £8: W. McDonnell, 106 Larkhill Lane, Liverpool, 13: WON'T MOVE — MANNION — STARTED "BALL ROLLING." £7: S. R. Taylor, 60 Kingtree Avenue, Cottingham: THE RIGHT LINE—JOINS AMERICA AND CANADA. £6: A. A. Withey, Glendene, 2 Leigh Sinton Road, Malvern Link: WE WONDER WHERE—SCIENTISTS' "CHILD" LEADING US?

FIVE of £5: W. A. Bell, 9 South Crescent, Thirsk: AT OUR VILLAGE SOCIAL—TOBACCONIST GIVEN Ham SANDWICH! H. Gerrard, 163 Westfield Street, St. Helens: OF ALL THE IDIOTS —DAD'S TREATED WRONG BUTCHER! G. Hallam, c/o 8 Broughton Road, Aylestone, Leicester: OF ALL THE QUESTIONS — "WILL MUMMY HAVE Prince?" J. J. Quayle, 110 Mildred Street, Bradford: BOYS WILL BE BOYS, SO—NEED YOU BE "WILD"? H. Worrall, 64 Granada Road, Denton, Manchester: HE LOST HIS ASPIRIN AND —SANDY EXPECTED RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT!

Above 12 winners also receive 14-lb. Christmas Parcels. Winners of 25 further Parcels and 100 Cakes have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

Across Clues

1. A poor player is usually soon this
2. Does not necessarily stand condemned because described as dry
3. Commonly has something of an explosive character
4. Some people will associate whinny with this
5. There's a kind of this described as white
6. Can be kind of fly
7. One extra this will often decide boxing match

Down Clues

1. To see policemen with these causes little or no comment
2. Parson may feel like going for one this because of nervous strain
3. Man in exalted position may do this because of nervous strain
4. Such a man is sometimes inclined to act in arbitrary fashion
5. May well lead to prison break by convicts
6. When postman delivers mail, some people find this inside their door
7. Friction can ruin nap on this
8. Some plots are probably hatched in

Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest will be published each week

Leaving School

A. D. (Portsmouth): A boy is not allowed to leave school on the day when he reaches the age of fifteen. The Education Act says that he must leave at the end of the term in which he attains his fifteenth birthday. If your son had been born at the beginning of January, 1934, he could leave school next Christmas; but as he was born later in the month he will have to wait until the Easter holiday. The reason for this is obvious. If children could leave school on their birthday, the highest class would be steadily whittled away during the year and serious work would be impossible.

Priority Coal

S. M. (Leeds): In special cases, a local Fuel Overseer may grant priority of coal delivery. He can request a supplier to make a delivery within forty-eight hours on hardship grounds, especially in the case of old people in difficulties because of delay in obtaining supplies.

That Awkward Age

S. J. (Peterborough): Many young men in their late teens suffer from the shyness which is worrying you. In most cases it is only a temporary trouble and brooding on it is the worst thing you can do. What you really need is to change your attitude towards other people. You imagine they are all watching and criticizing, and this makes you over-sensitive. Stop wondering what sort of impression you are creating. Act naturally instead.

Tax Free Investment

A. C. (Walsall): The only investment strictly "free" of income tax is savings certificates. However, building society interest is "tax compounded"—that is, the society pays tax at a special rate and the person who receives the interest is then under no further liability so far as income tax is concerned. Interest on some other investments, such as 3½ per cent War Loan, Defence Bonds and shares in Co-operative Societies, is paid without deduction of tax, but the recipient must show it in his return form and pay tax on it unless he is exempt.

Wife's Will

D. A. (Doncaster): A married woman can make a will bequeathing anything she possesses to whom she wishes. If both husband and wife have separate estates, it is advisable for each to make a will. If there is anything jointly owned, it will pass automatically to the survivor.

Garden Railings

P. Y. (Southsea): Payment of compensation for garden railings removed during the war may take any time up to three years. The cost of replacing them has no bearing on the amount of compensation allowed. Compensation rate is 25s. a ton, the scrap rate when the railings were removed. No claims submitted after June 1, 1948, can be entertained.

Readers' queries (except medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 106 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

STICK 2d. STAMP here to get help of Bulletin and Gazette dated Jan. 1 containing THRILLING NEW "BULLETS" OFFER. If this is your first specimen copy please mark X here

EXAMPLE

BULLET

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Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 *Bullets*—plain paper efforts same rate.

Closing Postmark, 1,659 MON. DEC. 13

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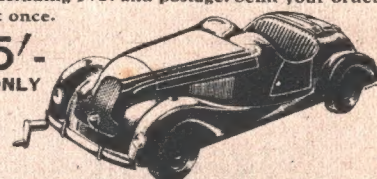
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